BOMBS! We now Insure Life, Limb AND HOME. SEE PAGE ELEVEN.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No 442 | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21. 1914. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

412437

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, November 25th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, November 26th.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.
Not represented on any racecourse.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—

HERBERT R. GREENWAY, 14, Derby Street, Hulme, Manchester. October 24th. 851,033.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 14th:—

005746	139685	352886	532274	760467
022532	143126	365591	546542	766782
032152	163426	371565	557606	825061
042460	221091	391591	575783	860883
059468	259871	421718	606683	869775
071076	268780	435983	616259	901620
077118	276940	466690	661208	933491
087041	312979	476090	672785	A000232
109807	325402	494058	706851	A025678
121091	332377	501992	728840	A039204

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published November 25th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. November 21 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS
If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Nov. 28th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DR. W.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Liverpool	v.	Aston Villa
			Bradford	v.	Sheffield U.
			Oldham A.	v.	Middlesbro'
			Manchester U.	v.	Newcastle U.
			Blackburn R.	v.	Burnley
			Notts C.	v.	Bradford C.
			W. Bromwich A.	v.	Manchester C.
			Fulham	v.	Barnsley
			Leeds C.	v.	Preston N. E.
			Clapton O.	v.	Bury
			Arsenal	v.	Bristol C.
			Derby C.		Huddersfield T.
			Lincoln C.		Grimsby T.
			Southend U.	v.	Swindon T.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Portsmouth
			Bristol R.	v.	Exeter C.
			Croydon C.	v.	Cardiff C.
			Reading	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Watford	v.	West Ham
			Plymouth A.	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

7 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Form must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 63, Long Acre, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 7, and post to reach us not later than Friday, November 27th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on November 28th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of an auve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

HOME	AWAY	TEAMS.	HOME	AWAY	TEAMS.
		Liverpool v. Aston Villa			Arsenal v. Bristol C.
		Bradford v. Sheffield U.			Derby C. v. Huddersfield T.
		Oldham A. v. Middlesbrough			Lincoln C. v. Grimsby T.
		Manchester U. v. Newcastle			Southend U. v. Swindon T.
		Blackburn R. v. Burnley			Queen's P. R. v. Portsmouth
		Notts C. v. Bradford C.			Bristol R. v. Exeter C.
		W. Brom. A. v. Manchester C.			Croydon C. v. Cardiff C.
		Fulham v. Barnsley			Reading v. Brighton & H. A.
		Leeds C. v. Preston N. E.			Watford v. West Ham
		Clapton O. v. Bury			Plymouth A. v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 442 Week ending Saturday, November 21st, 1914. One Penny.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY

A STUPENDOUS SUCCESS!

The "JOHN BULL" Portfolio of

WAR CELEBRITIES.

16 SUPERB PORTRAITS. 1/- NET.
Size 8½ by 11 in. Mounted for Framing.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1s. 2d. from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for NOV. 14th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **012,766.**

Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The King to the Front.

The report that his Majesty contemplates paying a visit to his troops in the trenches is fine news. Such a step would inspire the whole Army to a pitch of unspeakable enthusiasm—and would, incidentally, make fast for ever the foundations of the throne.

"Bobs."

Elsewhere, in this issue, we pay our humble tribute to the memory of dear old "Bobs." But we have spoken of him more in his capacity of a great soldier than in his aspect as an ordinary man. We cannot, however, forget that he has always been a generous supporter of our own Human Document Fund. Here is a little note, signed by himself, which reached us quite recently:—"Dear Sir,—I enclose a cheque for the fund you are getting up for Mr. Trump."—What a wonderful, splendid old fellow he was! Again, peace and honour to his memory.

"The King and the Kaiser."

Apropos of our recent article under this heading, may we further respectfully suggest that his Majesty should forthwith divest himself of any German Orders and Decorations to which he may at present be entitled? Every link between our Royal House and the Huns must be severed.

Don't Worry—

About those Zeppelin bombs. See our Free Insurance scheme on page 11.

These Sinful Sweepstakes!

Now that we have succeeded in putting the authorities right in their law on the subject of lotteries; we trust there will be a cessation of the meddlesome persecution with which we, and several other journals, have had to contend during the past few years. Why *shouldn't* we be allowed to say that certain sweepstakes are thoroughly genuine, and to show that, having regard to the principles upon which they are conducted, any fraud upon the public is impossible?

The Length of the War.

We still entertain the view—to which we notice that the Prime Minister is gradually coming round—that the war will not be of long duration. Probably in an early issue we may give our reasons for the opinion; but we may say that one of them is that, according to good information, the Germans *are* running short of ammunition

Servants and Soldiers.

"A Householder" writes protesting against the increased separation allowance for the wives of soldiers, contending that, if a soldier is to get a pound a week and a good pension, we shall soon have no servants, as all the single domestics will be running after the military. It is to be hoped that if ever a Zeppelin visits these shores, the first—and only—bomb will drop on that householder's premises—and that he, or she, won't be insured under our scheme!

German Spies.

Would the authorities like the name of a "naturalised" German who, notwithstanding the fact that he renounced the country of his birth some years ago, has been in the habit of paying periodical visits to the Kaiser's yacht at Cowes, and who has a brother occupying a high position in the German Army?

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

One of our war correspondents let loose on France—and who has evidently taken his geographical tips from the warning notices to motorists—states that he passed through the towns of *Ralentir* and *Virage!* Another tells us that Anvers is a suburb of Antwerp! After a while, we shall learn that Wien is a street in Vienna, and that Köln is a laneway in Cologne.

How Many Pieces of Silver?

It is time that the authorities prosecuted a few more unscrupulous British shipowners. The captains of vessels recently captured and sunk in the Atlantic by the *Karlsruhe* have nasty tales to tell of British ships coming out of Pernambuco and other ports with stores and provisions for the enemy.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed?

By the way, what has become of the *La Correntina*, loaded with 4,000 tons of chilled beef, and five weeks overdue? It will be remembered that she is fitted with 4.7 guns; have these been fired, and, as we predicted, shaken the vessel to pieces?

Free **Insurance against Zeppelins and** *all* **Enemy Aircraft. See page 11.**

When the Hun Comes.

"In the event of the enemy attempting to invade this country, instructions will be issued by the proper authorities." So runs the official statement by the War Office. In other words, if when at breakfast some morning a fellow with a bristling moustache, a pickelhaube on his head, and a rifle in his hand, looks through your window, you must not go for him until the "proper authorities" have sent out bill-stickers to decorate your neighbourhood with posters telling you what you are to do and not to do. We have had posters *ad nauseam* asking us to join the Army, and telling us about the pains and penalties that will scourge the man who trades with the enemy, or even pays his account. Yet here we are faced with the possibility—let us say the bare possibility—of a landing, and we are left in the dark as to whether the firing of a defensive shot will lead to the justifiable sacking of a town or village. Of course, invasion is—officially—"impossible"; but we were also told that Jellicoe had the Hun ships so bottled up that even a rat could not come out from behind Heligoland, and yet a covey of Hun craft did get out and make a noise off Yarmouth. Will the "P.A.'s" please let us know, even to appease our curiosity, what we may do and may not do if we see the forces of Attila at our gates?

Who's for Berlin?

Though the War Office has done its best, and, by paradox, very nearly its worst, to refrigerate the recruiting, a million and a quarter men in training, independent of Dominion and Colonial troops, is by no means a bad start. This, however, is a time when Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves, have to make things gaudy if they wish to make them hum. The Northcliffe organs are playing up for conscription. Yet an abundance of volunteer material is ready—good stuff and hot—if the War Office and the Government are able and willing to attract and deal with it by the right methods and in the right spirit. Indeed, recruiting is so much on the boom again that we advise those who wish to join the Berlin picnic party to join now, to avoid being presently crowded out.

Stop the Foolery.

As the Chief Recruiting Officer for London puts it, "There is not the slightest doubt we can get the men without any form of compulsion." Let the War Office drop its supine attitude once and for all. Let the enthusiastic volunteer no more be able to say, as was said of the Laodiceans of old time, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." The enthusiasm of thousands of would-be recruits has been frozen dead in Whitehall. Once again it is being warmed into life. The business of the War Office is to keep it at the right temperature and cease to fool about with the thermometer.

Interned Teutons' Tricks.

One of the ways in which we British may unwittingly trade with the enemy, and even the less destitute Belgian refugee may innocently place money in the pocket of his ferocious foe, is in the renting of furnished houses. Many unnaturalised Germans residing in this country made arrangements, immediately before being interned, to let their houses furnished, and, with the assistance of thoughtless as well as unscrupulous house agents, they have in many cases been let to British subjects, who in such cases are, knowingly or not, trading with the enemy in the most direct fashion. Patriotic persons, before renting furnished country or seaside houses for the winter months, should, therefore, be careful to make the strictest inquiries.

Teetotal Tyranny.

There is no blinking the fact that the pumpuritan faction are engaged in a widespread plot against our civil liberties, and the exigencies of war must not blind us to their mischievous purpose. The zeal of the authorities for the maintenance of public decorum has furnished these meddlesome fanatics with an excellent opportunity for the furtherance of their private fads, and for wreaking their spite upon the unhappy publican, already sorely harassed by huge taxation and severe legislative restriction. In some instances, the pretence of public necessity has been wholly set aside. At Liverpool, the Licensing Justices, by a majority, resolved to recommend the curtailment of public-house hours, although the Head Constable of the City had given his considered opinion that no circumstances had arisen to justify such a proceeding. We can imagine no step more calculated to exhaust the patience of a long-suffering public.

The Ten o'clock Pump.

The molluscular McKenna told a women's deputation the other day that "he shared with the deputation the opinion that nothing would be more desirable than to extend measures of temperance reform very largely for soldiers as well as for civilians, and for all time." He can take it from our prophetic soul that he won't extend them on present lines. The London Licensing Authority now refuses, in any circumstances whatever, for instance, to grant an extension even for an hour to such innocent events as the smoking concerts of clubs respectable enough for the patronage of an archbishop. The Temporary Restriction Act is, in fact, being driven to such tyrannous absurdity by pumpous magistrates that it is infuriating every sane and reasonable citizen in the community.

Trinidad Traitors?

Here is an extract from a letter written from Trinidad by the son of one of our readers:—"We found all the Germans flourishing here just as though there was no war—German Consul, shipping clerk, merchants, mortgagees—all flourishing. No wonder we lose ships at sea. The spies from here can so easily send information across to Venezuela. A weak Government doing nothing when we arrived. —— started fighting at once, but so far he is fighting alone, and it makes me so terribly anxious—there are so many Germans out here. Can you imagine an English Colony doing such a thing? It looks almost like treason." Not nice reading, is it?

Who Rules Ceylon?

And who on earth is responsible for the Government regulations issued in the British Crown Colony of Ceylon? At the outset of the war the trading rights of enemy aliens resident in the Colony were severely restricted by Imperial order, but in a recent issue of the official Government *Gazette* it is announced that "German subjects resident within the Colony are authorised to continue to reside within the Colony and carry on their trade or business free from the said limitation." It is scarcely credible that this complete change of front can have been authorised by the Colonial Office. It is a matter of common knowledge that German traders are strongly entrenched in Ceylon, and there has been more than one suggestion of espionage, notably in connection with the ravages of the raider *Emden*, now luckily destroyed. Wake up, Harcourt!

Christmas News.

Judging by Mr. Asquith's speech at the Guildhall, there will be the usual supply of Turkey this Christmas, but by the Christmas following there won't be any left, either in Europe or Asia.

£1,000 for a Football Forecast. Final Coupon. See page 27.

A Misappropriation.

Amid the pre-occupations of war, the London panel medicos have been quietly allowed to pocket a trifle of £190,000, the surplus fund accumulated through the failure of many thousands of insured persons to select a medical attendant. In several provincial centres a similar distribution had previously taken place, and, when the process is complete, the doctors will be the richer to the tune of a million or so of public money. Time and again we have expressed our agreement with the late Mr. Danckwerts, K.C., who was formally consulted, that such payments would be wholly devoid of legal or equitable warrant, and we see no reason whatever to alter that opinion. Something rather worse than an administrative blunder has been perpetrated, and we regret that the insured persons themselves, through the medium of their Approved Societies, found no means of preventing its consummation. Failing any object more directly in line with the purposes of the Insurance Act, the money might have been handed over to the war relief funds.

Mining Perils.

There is no lack of evidence in support of our recent statement in regard to the perilous conditions still prevailing in certain coal-mining areas. We note that the Home Office has at length instituted criminal proceedings against the management of the Walker Colliery, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, while at Newburgh the proprietors have been sharply reminded of their obligations in respect of the provision of safety appliances. In the latter area the situation is complicated by the prospect of the owners having to close down the pit rather than comply with the requirements of the Home Office order. In this event, a thousand men and boys would be thrown out of employment, and at a recent mass meeting of the miners concerned, it was resolved to send a deputation to the owners to ascertain "what steps if any, the Newburgh men might take, in conjunction with the management, to meet the entailed cost." A reduction of wages is evidently contemplated, and attention is thus directed to a new phase of the mining problem, rich with the promise of future trouble.

Reptile Prints.

We gather that another "wretched little rag" has made its appearance in Dublin, and that henceforth the traitorous "rump" of the Nationalist Party will be furnished with a daily organ of its pestilent "opinions." The first number of *Ireland*—so it is impudently named—contained an unctuous appeal for funds to sustain its publication, but as the print is in all likelihood subsidised from many sources, this rather obvious pretence will deceive nobody. Meanwhile, we note that—following our recent articles—the Government are contemplating decisive action against these organs of sedition, and while deploring Mr. Birrell's lack of initiative, we compliment him upon his readiness to accept friendly advice. By the way, we see that the later issues of these rags are crammed with advertisements of lethal weapons and other military requisites. It is scandalous that the purchase of revolvers, bayonets, rifles, bandoliers, and haversacks should be openly recommended in journals which profess active sympathy with German aims.

Foxy Uncle.

An artful dodge, worked by a few unscrupulous members of the avuncular profession, has been brought to our horrified notice. It is to pawn more or less worthless trinkets with themselves, under an assumed name, at considerably more than their value, handing the tickets to emissaries of the mechanic class, who, under the plea of poverty, palm them off on unsuspecting persons. *Verb. sap.*

Egg-religious Patriots.

The Poor Law School Committee sent up to the Lambeth Guardians the other day a suggestion that "in order that the children may have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs, the usual practice of allowing each child an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning be suspended for this year," and the Guardians have agreed. "Guardians of the Poor," forsooth! Let us rather call them poachers of the poor child's Christmas egg. Of all the pieces of piffling puerility that have ever come before our notice, this is the most piffingly puerile. Indeed, it is worse than that. It is meanness carried to the *N*th power—parsimony in excelsis; it is the meanness of creatures who would rob the blind man of his dog. Why, in the name of charity and humanity, is it necessary to bother the immature minds of Poor Law children with the "position of national affairs"? And if the necessity exists, why should their brains be informed at the expense of their little bellies? Shame on you, "Guardians of the Poor," who would celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Christ-child by depriving the little ones, who were the special object of His love, of the annual treat of a new-laid egg! Not only must your hearts be of stone, but your brains must be addled.

The Board of Bunkum.

In the early days of the war, we drew attention to the hardship occasioned to British merchants by the emergency regulations of the Post Office, forbidding them to transmit cable messages in code. This troublesome embargo has at length been partially removed, and cipher cablegrams to places out of Europe will now be accepted, provided they are written in a code recommended by the Board of Trade. At the first blush, the arrangement seems reasonable enough, but upon closer inquiry it appears that, of the four codes selected for the official patronage of the Board, one is suited only to the needs of shipowners, while two of the others are actually of foreign production, one bearing a German name. The effect of this arrangement will be to line the pockets of alien code-producers at the expense of British printers. Seeing that there are at least a dozen useful British codes, there is not the least excuse for the action of the Board. Oh . . . . !

The Widow's Pension.

Mr. Asquith says that, as the Government have proposed that for the first twenty-six weeks after the death of her husband, the soldier's widow shall continue to have the full separation allowance, the determination of the amount of the pension she will subsequently receive is not a matter of extreme urgency. So far as the widow's immediate needs are concerned, it may be so. But from the point of view of recruiting, we can imagine no question more urgent. It is not enough for married prospective recruits to know that in the event of their death while on service, their widows, for six months at any rate, would be all right. They want to know how she would be situated, financially, *seven* months after, and for the rest of her days. We ask the Government to *tell them now.*

"Guild of the Love of God."

We have before us the accounts of the Guild of the Love of God, certified by the London auditors. The receipts are £385 15s. 2d. Here is the expenditure—apparently for the love of God. Printing, etc., £71; postages, £95 6s. 11d.; "Caritas," printing, subediting and advertising, £90 19s.; travelling expenses, £31 15s. 10d.; expenses of meetings, £32 17s. 1d.; badges, £20 7s. 7d.; sundries, £10 5s. 5d.; cash in hand—treasurer, £22 5s. 2d.; chapter secretaries, £10 18s. 2d." It may be all right, of course; but where does God come in?

The most acceptable Xmas Gift—a "John Bull" Pen. Coupon on page ii. of cover.

THOMAS ATKINS, ESQUIRE.

THE TRUE TOMMY—A STUDY OF THE BOY IN KHAKI.

This is a talk about Tommy—"Tommy Atkins," as we call him—the boy in khaki, who is to-day saving us, and all that we cherish, from the savagery of the Berlin Butcher and his slaughtermen. Some of you may think that he doesn't like the nickname; don't believe it. It is an honoured name, its origin being popularly assigned to the following incident:—

Thomas Atkins was a soldier and a hero. He was a private in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and was on sentry duty at an outpost when the rebellion broke out at Lucknow in 1857. All the Europeans fled to the Residency and urged Atkins to make his escape with them. He, however, declined to do so, stuck to his post and sacrificed his life. Thereafter, throughout the campaign, whenever a daring deed was done by a private he was said to be "a regular Tommy Atkins." Let his name therefore be treasured. It is his spirit, the soul of the brave simple soldier, which animates our boys to-day, and they will not feel slighted, but will esteem it an honour, to be called by a name which perpetuates the memory of a gallant man who died bravely at his post. So here's to Thomas Atkins—Thomas Atkins, Esquire, if you please!—although we Britishers—but nobody else—may be allowed to call him just plain Tommy.

Well, we will have a talk about him. First of all, God bless him! And shame upon those who would defame him—picturing him as a wild beast, prowling about in search of prey amongst our wives and sisters and daughters. The chief slanderers are the Bishops and Clergy. God forgive them! Let them look into their own morals. For ourselves, we would rather trust our womenfolk with a tipsy Tommy than with a sober Scripture Reader. But all that by the way. Let us talk of Tommy as he is—the *true* Tommy. We are only just beginning to understand him. That is one of the great things which the war is teaching us. We are learning that, in all truth, he is the Man who Matters. After all, very few of the rest of us count in these days. We may talk, or write, or go to business "as usual"; we may eat and drink and sleep—but it all depends on Tommy. Without him, we are done for—our homes and Empire, things of the past. Yes, Tommy is well worth talking about. What a wonderful chap he is!

TYPES OF COURAGE.

We do not dwell upon his physical courage. That is a characteristic of nearly all European races, and it explains the old saying that "there were brave men before Agamemnon." We must look deeper; we must find the psychic explanation of his willingness to fight to the death. Only then shall we be able to form an estimate as to which of the different types of courage is likely to hold out longest. Thus the Russian fights for "holy Russia," because it is part of his religious training. The German faces death because he has been taught that his nation is invincible and has a mission to propagate what it calls "culture" amongst the rest of mankind. The Belgian is fighting from the high motive of outraged nationality. The Frenchman goes to war not only in defence of his country, but because he has been taught by a long course of national history to regard military glory as one of the noblest aims that can influence the human mind. *Tommy* faces death with a calmness, and even a merriment, which astonish friend and foe alike. Being an Anglo-Saxon, he regards it as the merest matter of course to risk life and limb whenever his country is threatened. To him the word "glory" makes no appeal. Although in reality one of the most emotional of men, he fights shy of any expression of it. He is mortally afraid of appearing ridiculous by any display of sentimentality. The sound of the word "Maudlin" has greater terrors for him than the roar of the heaviest artillery. When brought home severely wounded after battle, he would far rather listen to a comic song than to a sermon. But we must not say anything more about that aspect of Tommy's character—or he will be angry. He is an awkward chap to approach with anything which looks in the least like thanks or praise. To pat him on the back for just doing what he conceives has been his duty, is to court stern ad'ectival reprisals; so we will look at him from other points of view—and try to convey some idea of his complex and ever fascinating personality.

THE TRUE TOMMY.

Tommy is a clean-limbed, athletic young fellow—always young, whatever Somerset House may say. Civil spoken, unless you insult him by way of introduction—when he is apt to be "nasty"—he is always a gentleman. His hero is not Napoleon the Conqueror, but Nelson the patriot—and he has more than a sneaking regard for Lady Hamilton. A fight leaves no rancour in his heart—only pity for the wounded, friend or foe. A joke serves as well as anything to establish comfortable relations, and let it be as broad as you like, for he takes his humour neat. Were it otherwise, he would have been a nice, polite, inoffensive boy, and the Huns—who never joke—would to-day have been threatening our homes from the heights of Calais. His humour is intensely human, and widely catholic. He jokes about most things, not excepting death, and his perverse jocularity is a tormenting puzzle to the Puritan. He jokes about women—but respects the honour of womanhood. He may be neither a Bayard nor a Galahad, but he fights clean. He has nothing of that devilish "earnestness" upon which the Huns are wont to plume themselves. To these dastards Tommy's choicest jests would have no flavour. His music-hall ditties would be held to profane the solemnities of life. In their encampments *they* sing their hymns of Hate, discoursing betweenwhiles of "Kultur"—and presently rush out to turn shrines into sties

and nunneries into brothels. And, incidentally, it is only at the sight of these abominations that Tommy forgets to smile. But to get back to his humour. Let us try to appreciate it. It is something far more than a mere propensity for giggling.

Well has it been called a "saving" grace! With it the bloody Huns might have escaped damnation. All other considerations apart, no man with a scrap of humour could butcher a helpless babe; the exquisite comicality of the little mite would encase it in armour of triple steel.

TOMMY'S SONG.

Take the song of "Tipperary." Tommy sang it because he liked the lilt of it; it was a good swinging tune and went well to a brisk march. Except to the Irish—all honour to them—"Tipperary" meant little; but "Piccadilly" and "Leicester Square" stood for something pretty definite, and each swinging step emphasised the fact that from all such elysian delights Tommy was "a long, long way." Of course, some of the men were thinking of their homes, their kiddies, and the girls they had left behind; but that was by the way. The Huns, we are told, were proudly scornful of the banality and inappropriateness of the song. They ascribed it to home sickness and hailed it as a happy omen. They greeted it with the martial notes of "*Deutschland über Alles.*" How much more fitting! Theirs was a song of conquest—Tommy's, a song of home. Others may point the moral of the contrast. Meanwhile, the newspaper writers and the parsons had been busy with "Tipperary." In its simple words they had found all sorts of allegories and portents. Tipperary had been likened to Berlin, which was natural; to some far-off World-Peace, which was poetical; and to the Kingdom of Heaven, which was tiresome. The whole business bored Tommy to tears. He hated to be "fussed over," even in the newspapers, and declined to permit his song to be made a text for sermons. And his response was charmingly characteristic. The tune was the thing, and the words mattered not a jot; and thus "It's a wrong, wrong way to tickle Mary" did just as well, and was free from anything so tedious as a "moral." That is Tommy's way. For all priggishness he has a wholesome hatred. Should you attempt to improve his moral code, he will be at some pains to persuade you that your task is a hopeless one. But you needn't be too horrified. As likely as not, he is "codding" you.

TOMMY'S "FAULTS"—

We may be told that we have said nothing of Tommy's "faults." Fancy canvassing the moral defects of men who, with courage unequalled in the history of warfare, are standing between us and the devouring onset of Teuton savagery! When a man, at the risk of his life, has snatched your child from the flames, do you ask him for a character from his last employer? When a timely blow has saved your daughter's honour, do you ask her protector if he has taken the pledge, and how long he intends to keep it? There is nothing fanciful in these questions—in a sense almost literal. Tommy has done these things for us. We know enough of his character. We know that he is morally incapable of repaying in kind the devilries which he is burning to avenge. We know that when the Huns flee from the punishment of their crimes, the honour of their womenfolk will be safe in Tommy's keeping. We know that he will not, if he can help it, disturb a German infant's sleep. Knowing these things, we are content. Oh, yes, of course, Tommy *has* his faults—he is as human as the rest of us—but he is as honest, as truthful, as kindly, as sober, and as clean as the average man of any other calling. And on the top of all this he is a jolly good fellow, and a first-class fighting man.

AND HIS VIRTUES.

"Faults!" Why, they are as dust in the balance compared with his splendid virtues, but of these Tommy won't let us speak. It is the whimsical way of him—to hide his merits, and to "swank" his shortcomings, often wholly fictitious. But he likes to wear his medals—silent witnesses to his worth. He jokes about duty—and dashes into the jaws of hell at the word of command. He belittles his own courage—never that of his foes—and laughs at odds of five to one. He affects to hold truth lightly—fibs for fun, where it doesn't matter—but will die rather than break his plighted word. He will sing the praises of good liquor—and then, when no one is looking, toss his beer-money to a hungry beggar. He will discharge a volley of curses at a comrade—just for fun—and a minute later carry him to safety under a hail of shrapnel. He burns with love of Britain, cherishes her honour as his own—and, to show it, invents ribald parodies of patriotic songs. Why?—ah! there is the stupendous baffling riddle of the man, which his Maker alone can solve. Matchless fidelity, iron fortitude, sterling honour, heroic patriotism and unflinching courage—to all of these he playfully pleads "not guilty," but is convicted upon the clearest evidence. The "penalty" is an Empire's admiration, and when Tommy comes back to us, scarred and worn, but still smiling, he shall have—whether he likes it or not—the mightiest ovation that ever broke from the throats of a grateful people.

In the meantime, let us be fair to him—and to his. Decent pay, adequate provision for his dependents, humane conditions of life in camp—a warm smile and greeting whenever we meet him, and a hearty cheer when he passes us on the march—these, surely, are the least of things we can do for the boys who are doing all for us.

HIS NEW PALS.

And a word about Tommy's new pals—the recruits from the universities and public schools, from the offices and the warehouses, and from almost every branch of life—some of them, enlisting as ordinary troopers, being "real live lords." They must be careful how they treat him (we do not use the term in the public-house sense!) for he is a bit thin-skinned about anything in the way of patronage. Let the new men understand that, be their social rank what it may, Tommy in the trenches is an expert at his work; regard him as such—and be ready to learn from him—and then will they soon become efficient soldiers.

Gentlemen, fill your glasses; the toast is "Thomas Atkins, Esquire, a soldier and a gentleman!"

"BOBS."

THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOLDIER—ONE MAN THE LESS.

We are living in wonderful times, and wonderful things are happening; and one of them has just occurred. "Bobs" is dead! Try to realise what those words mean.

But yesterday you saw him, in his uniform, active and alert as ever, reviewing troops, cheering recruits, conferring with Lord Kitchener, writing eloquent pleas for the soldier in the trenches and on the march. We knew he was eighty-two years old, but what did that matter? That was merely what the officials at Somerset House said. It never occurred to any of us that "Bobs" might die—at any rate whilst the war was on—and, somehow or the other, we felt a certain sense of security in knowing that he was amongst us. And, although we didn't like the idea of his risking this weather on a journey to the front, we let him go, because we knew what his visit meant—what it meant to the men and what it meant to the officers. To the men it meant something which cannot be expressed in words; there is no language of the soul. To see "Bobs," to grasp his hand, to hear his voice, to gaze at that wonderful, weather-worn old face—well, *ask* one of the boys in the trench what it *did* mean; ask the youngest and ask the oldest. Ask some of the war veterans whose proudest boast it is that they once served with "Bobs," and you will understand their wet eyes and their choking throats. And the officers? To them the old man came as an ambassador from the very God of Battles, an inspired voice, speaking the wisdom and experience of our Empire's history. They probably learnt more in those two days—those last two days—of how to bring this bloody business to a close than they had gleaned from all the ghastly lessons of the past three months. "Bobs" *knew*, and they knew that he knew. And they remembered something else. They remembered that alone amongst the military experts it was his voice which had called, and ever called in vain, to the country to be Ready.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

And now his voice is still! But was ever a more glorious end? Try to comprehend that wonderful picture upon which the weary warrior closed his eyes. There were his beloved troops, with the pride of Empire on their faces; there were old, battle-seasoned soldiers, who had marched with him to Candahar; there were they who had fought under him to victory in South Africa; and there were a hundred thousand new men to whom his name was but the embodiment of our Island story, and of all that stands for the best and noblest in our Army's annals. And now having seen him, in real life, and on the battle-field, they stood more erect, their teeth more firmly set, their swords and rifles more tightly gripped. All those scenes floated before the soul-lit eyes of dear old "Bobs" as the film of Death—of everlasting Sleep and Rest—tenderly closed their sight for evermore. And he saw, too, anxious officers, young and old, living on every word of counsel from his unassuming, kindly lips. And then the sound of rumbling cannon, of faint bugle calls and muffled drums, fell upon his ears; and, for a moment, he was once more in command, calling upon the lads to follow him. "To Berlin, boys, with me!" he was crying, and feeling for his trusty sword, when a snow-white Hand beckoned *him* to follow, and a Voice, all mystery, but full of Love, said "Come, old man—your work is done. Come."

THE LESSON.

Now, reader, think you all this was accident—mere coincidence? Or can you see, with us, the sign of a Great Purpose? Think you that, when Lord Roberts left our shores last week, it was for any other end but that which has come to pass? "England wants more men, and still more men"—that was his cry. But he meant men of the ordinary type. Think not you that England, too, also wants more MEN—men in the sense in which Napoleon spoke, when he exclaimed, "God! How rare MEN are!" And, verily, they are rarer still to-day by the death of "Bobs." But to get back to his cry. It was not being answered *quite* as freely as we could wish, and, speaking plainly, the war itself was not going *quite* as well as we had hoped. Remember that, in the language of orthodox religion—which, in this instance, speaks truly—God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. And He is moving now. "Bobs," with his persistent call to the nation, with his encouragement to the troops, with his advice to the War Office and to the General's at the front, had finished his work; and all that was wanting was this dramatic end. Do not believe, for a moment, that his *voice* is dead, though "still." It calls to-day from the coffin in which he lies, and it will call so long as our Empire lasts—for "more men—and more Men." Won't you try to be one of them, with or without the capital letters? *That* is why "Bobs" died *now*.

GOD'S CALL.

You will remember these lines in the verses we wrote last week, "Why is the red blood flowing?"

Come, comrade, come, consider; let's look things in the face;
For this is more than a war, mate—it's a call to the human race.

And there is no doubt about it—it is *God's* call to the human race. The war, and all that is happening in connection with it—and this sudden summoning to the great Audit of our revered Commander-in-Chief (for he was always that)—compel us to realise that the world is passing through no ordinary crisis. The Anglo-Saxon race is on its trial. God is giving us every chance. "Bobs" was one of His messengers; he delivered the message faithfully and fearlessly; he set us the example of how to answer it—and that ended his work. Now the rest is with us.

SPOT THOSE SPIES.

BEWARE OF "NATURALISED" GERMHUNS!

The trial and execution of the spy, Carl Lody, for the offence of "war treason," and the internment of some thousands of enemy aliens, have done much to lessen public anxiety, but in regard to certain aspects of the spy peril there is still a good deal to be said. By common consent, the police have admirably discharged the unwonted duties lately thrust upon them, but, in one or two instances, they have lacked the support and encouragement of their civil superiors, notably at Manchester, where the Chairman of the Watch Committee, Councillor J. H. Thewlis, has made no secret of his sympathy with the interned alien enemies of the King.

In view of his position at the head of the Committee which controls the City Police Force, the attitude of Councillor Thewlis is of more than ordinary importance. The measures adopted by the Home Office for the suppression of espionage have come strictly within his official purview, and their effective application has rested with the department over which he presides. Yet we find him speaking with the weight of his posision of men "who bear honoured, if German, names, and publicly deploring the police activities for which, in a measure, he is officially responsible. "In Manchester," he whines, "there have been heart-breaking and wholesale arrests of hundreds of persons whose only offence was that they were Germans." We are heartily glad to hear it, but we would remind Mr. Thewlis that in his tearful confusion he has to some extent mis-stated the position. These amiable Teutons, for whom his heart bleeds, have been arrested for no "offence" whatever—not even their German birth, which they obviously cannot help—but upon general suspicion, and as a somewhat belated measure of precaution against certain very definite perils.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

The nature of the spy menace has been admirably summarised in a letter to the Press from Mr. Montagu Barlow, M.P. for South Salford. Mr. Barlow writes:

> Having been in contact with the leading military authorities, I am able to say it is generally expected that on a given day, or at a given signal, Germany will let loose her forces by land and sea. The Navy and Zeppelins will combine in an attack with the German armies in France. At the same moment, the intention undoubtedly is that the large mass of German spies at present in this country should attack with bombs the bridges, canals, railways and telegraphs, so as to spread disaster in this country and make military movements for defensive purposes impossible.

Mr. Barlow advisedly speaks of "intentions," and, whatever easy-going folk may say, there is nothing wild or improbable in his suggestions.

In the matter of naturalisation, a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written. That many Germans naturalised in this country have become loyal British citizens, goes without saying but no amount of sophistry can obscure the obvious fact that naturalisation *per se* affords no guarantee of good faith or honest intention. Indeed, the assumption of alien citizenship by Germans resident abroad, for ulterior purposes, seems to have been distinctly contemplated by the German Government. In the notorious Delbruck Law, presented to the Reichstag in 1912, the following paragraph occurs:—

> It is true we recognise that there are cases where a German citizen, resident abroad, might have an interest to acquire, along with his old nationality, a new nationality; and that, while possessing this latter, he might at the same time usefully represent the interests of his old country. In order to meet such a case, we have in the new law a provision declaring that those who apply for and obtain naturalisation in a foreign country, but who have previously communicated the fact to the proper authorities of their own country, and have obtained their consent, do not lose their German nationality.

The nefarious design underlying this enactment is but ill-concealed, and its terms should serve to dispose of the common assumption that a born-German, naturalised in Great Britain, is necessarily absolved from his former allegiance. The menace of espionage will not be ended when the last enemy alien is interned. German or Austrian subjects naturalised within the last ten years must be ordered to find substantial sureties for their good behaviour.

VOLUBLE VERMIN.

A WORD TO MR. BIRRELL.

It becomes increasingly evident that the recruiting efforts of Mr. John Redmond and his allies are being maliciously, and even violently, obstructed by a small group of irreconcilables, masquerading as Irish patriots, and prepared to go to any lengths in their defiant hatred of British rule. Apart from a virulent Press campaign, these unprincipled desperadoes are conducting a more insidious propaganda by means of leaflet distribution. It is easy to discount the importance of paper sedition, but these sparks of treason may easily be fanned into flame, and, in the interests of the peaceable population of Ireland, to say nothing of wider considerations, they should be rigorously stamped out. Here is an extract from a leaflet recently circulated:

> Lord Kitchener is confident he can entrap, cajole, gull, and force 100,000 Irishmen to enlist in the demoralised, decadent, blood-sodden British Army. The Irish people, however, mindful of their inalienable heritage to complete independence, will by every means in their power prevent—by force if necessary—one single Irishman from selling himself body and soul to the only enemy Ireland has in the world—England.

This filthy tract, with its foul slanders upon British troops, among whom thousands of loyal Irishmen are numbered, is said to have been openly distributed at a recent recruiting meeting at Wexford. It proceeds:—

> Germany is now at war with England, but not with Ireland. England wants the Irish to save her from ruin. Will you help to save the thrice accursed British Empire from ruin: or will you help to strike a final blow at the biggest fraud, the hollowest sham the world has ever known?

This leaflet bears no imprint which might enable the police to trace its origin. Another objectionable effusion, addressed to Irish National Volunteers, professes to voice the views of the Provisional Committee of that body. It falls foul of Mr. Redmond on the score of his recruiting efforts, seeks to crab the Home Rule scheme, and finally declares:—

> Every Irishman who stands by Ireland's historic national position will rally to the support of the Provisional Committee. We are arming for Ireland only.

The members of the Provisional Committee must at once be invited to repudiate this traitorous boast. In justice to the loyal Irish, the Chief Secretary should employ the whole resources of the law against the traitors.

THE PARLIAMENTARY HOGGE.

We reproduce below the following very clever sketch and lines, which appeared a few days ago in our brilliant contemporary, the *Daily Express*, apropos of a recent ebullition of vapid nonsense by Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P.—to whom we address a few words on our Open Letter page:—

POLITICAL PORK; OR, THE NEW PATRIOTIC STY-LE.

Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P. for Edinburgh, stated on Thursday in the House of Commons that "one of the greatest mistakes" (from a German standpoint?) made in connection with the war was the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the place he now held. He did not think they ought to have a soldier in that place. Perhaps Mr. Hogge should himself be Minister for War. There are excellent reasons why he should replace Lord Kitchener.

The road-hog of Europe through Belgium tears;
He's followed by reptiles, vultures, and bears.
At the War Office Kitchener slumbers in peace.
When will the career of the Kaiser-hog cease?
Alas! not until, lying flat, like a log,
In his pathway is placed the most militant Hogge.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

ROTTING RECRUITING.

POSTAL PLEASANTRIES AND PIN-PRICKS.

On several occasions we have criticised the British Post Office for its discreditable and ungrateful treatment of the British soldier at the front. Instead of treating him and everything which concerns him with the most generous consideration while he is fighting for his country and countrymen, the Post Office seems to be trying to worry, annoy and fleece him and his relatives with the most unconscionable persistence. Day after day letters reach us illustrative of this characteristic. One reader tells us he has a brother fighting in the Royal Garrison Artillery. "He wrote home asking for some tobacco and cough lozenges, so we agreed to send him 3 ozs. tobacco and 4 ozs. lozenges. And what seems a downright shame to me is that they charged 11d. postage, which was nearly as much as the parcel was worth." Often, too, when this heavy postage is paid by Tommy's relatives the "comforts" are not delivered to him at all. Whether the Germans commandeer them on the way, or the Post Office lose them, nobody seems to know; they are simply missing, like one of those queer trains in the Railway Guide, which seem to start all right but never arrive anywhere. "I have a son in the 2nd D.W.D. who was in action at the Mons battle," his mother in Bradford tells us. "He wrote asking if I would send him some socks, handkerchiefs, cigs., matches, and something for dysentery. By return I sent him something to warm him—some ginger sweets, turkey rhubarb, etc., 7s.9d.worth, paying s. postage to the General Post Office; the same the next fortnight, the same the following fortnight. I sent a letter first, and the answer is 'Where are the different articles? Not received anything out of that expenditure.' Where are they going, then? The Infantry Record Office knows nothing; the Post Office knows nothing; the War Office knows nothing." They never do, as numerous readers at the front and the rear have convinced us. Recently another reader, at Sheffield, sent a parcel of books to his wounded brother, shrapnelled at Cambrai, now lying in Netley Hospital. They were properly addressed, as is proved by the documents before us. They were returned a week after to the sender scrawled "Not Known," though the man was all the time lying in the numbered ward to which the books were sent and from which he had never been moved! We could go on quoting from letter after letter, if we had space. Let this suffice as a grand *finale*. "A month ago," says a Coventry reader, "I sent a small parcel to a friend at the front containing 50 cigarettes, costing 2d. postage,—which, of course, seemed reasonable. I sent a further parcel on Monday last containing the same number, 50 cigarettes, expecting, of course, to pay the same postage—but to my surprise I was called upon to pay 6d., the only explanation being that the soldier was on the expeditionary force; but he was on the same force when last I sent him the parcel—being a reserve man he went out with it. I should like to know if this is the best inducement the Post Office can offer us who desire to send a few cigarettes to gladden the hearts of our friends fighting for us at the front?" To be candid, it is. The Post Office is a muddle-headed, as well as a many-headed, beast.

PRAISE FROM PITTSBURG.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN TRIBUTE—AND PROMISE.

The following interesting letter, dated October 30th, has reached us from Mr. J. B. Sheridan, of Pittsburg, Pa.:—

> Have to-day received a copy of your paper of October 17th from your fellow-countryman and my good friend and relative, Mr. M. J. Sheridan, of 1 and 3, Duke Street, Liverpool, who writes me that his two boys have gone to the front. Such a paper as JOHN BULL was never seen nor read here before, and it is a thing of curiosity to all who I have shown it to, and those who have read it say it is a splendid little paper, but what I want to tell you most about is, that we are with you to a man in this war, and, as Irish-Americans, we have for ever "buried the hatchet," and will support you in every possible way to finally win success.
>
> We are against Keir Hardie. We know more about him than we do of Ramsay MacDonald.

Hands across the sea!

"CULTURE" AND CULTURES.

LONDON'S GREATEST DANGER—OFFICIAL SLACKNESS.

The Dover authorities have warned the people to boil the water from the local water-works before drinking it. It is explained that this is but a precaution; at the same time, it is admitted that somebody—presumably a Hun—has been using his wire-iron in the vicinity of the water-works sentry. By attacking us through our water supply, the enemy in our midst could do more damage to life in a week than half-a-dozen brigades of unchecked German artillery could do in a month. In 1892 a Russian family on its way to America lost its boat and encamped beside Hamburg's water supply. One of the family was infected with cholera. Result: 80,000 cases of cholera in Hamburg and its environs and 18,000 deaths.

Knowing that our friends who boast of their "culture" would not be above throwing phials of cultures of cholera and other diseases into our drinking water, one of our commissioners was sent around the main reservoirs that supply London and its suburbs, to gauge the possibility of the Germans spreading plague north, south, east and west. His report is not reassuring. Several of the reservoirs and the streams that supply them are accessible to the public, and are practically unguarded, and it would be ridiculously easy for the enemy to infect us by means of the microbe cultures that are supplied mainly from the German laboratories. Half-a-dozen reservoirs might be mentioned, but one will suffice as a sample—the series of ponds at Finsbury Park. They are separated from the road by a railing, and are within very easy pebble-throw of the pavement. At the gate stands a guardian in the shape of a special constable, whose duty evidently is to prevent any unauthorised person from entering. In the darkness, the enemy has simply to choose any point along the hundreds of yards of railings and drop his bottle load of death-dealing germs into the water.

Other reservoirs are similarly situated, and some of them are crossed by public bridges. We are not necessarily alarmist when suggesting that half-a-dozen evilly-disposed Germans could, by these means, do enormous damage to life in London. It is "up to" the authorities to take immediately more adequate steps to protect us from devastating plagues. The job of guarding our water supply is not one for an isolated special constable, but for sentries—and plenty of them. Unauthorised persons should be prevented from approaching close to the reservoirs.

"A CRUEL SHAME."

SWEATING WORKERS ON GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

Wherever there is a war afoot, you can rely that the contractor is soon after plunder. We had him in the Boer War—and this Kaiser War is too sudden and too big a blessing for him to miss his accustomed way. "I went and asked for outdoor work" at a firm of naval and military contractors, a woman reader writes to us. "They gave me two dozen canvas clothes' bags to make at 2d. each. I had to make them up and work eighteen eyelet holes in each bag, therefore I could not take them back before Monday. When I asked for my money, which I thought would be 4s., I found they could only give me 3s. 3d. I asked them what the other 9d. was stopped for, and they told me for the reel of thread which they had given me to make them up with, but they did not tell me at first I should have to pay for it. Besides, I had to find my own machine needles, which cost 2½d. a packet of three, so therefore if you were unfortunate enough to break many you would get comparatively nothing for your work, and as the bags took me 3½ days to make, it would be impossible for anyone to live on the amount you would earn in a week, saying nothing about the hours you have to sit at them, as they are very thick canvas. I always thought Government work was well paid for, which I daresay it is, but these people take good care that they put the biggest bit out of it into their own pockets, and us poor women workers do the work for them. I think it is a cruel shame the way women are sweated, for you cannot call it anything else." So do we; and we *don't* call it anything else.

More "Bullets" Xmas Turkeys to be won this week. See page 28.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW WOW."

Gallant and gentle, brave and good,
And Britons will proudly tell
How he laid him down, as a warrior would,
'Mongst the lads that he loved so well.

While Belgians acclaim their King
And gladly their small tributes bring,
John Bull, who fights for Belgium's cause,
Adds to the Belgians' his applause.

The German censor, for a spell,
May keep Truth hidden in a well;
But of the end we have no doubt,
For Truth, like murder, will come out!

The Turks, commanded by the Hun,
Find in the process little fun;
We should not be surprised to see
The Turkish Army mutiny.

The British censorship succeeds
In hiding our brave soldiers' deeds;
Already this is bearing fruit
In a reluctance to recruit.

No spite or influence avails
When Justice Darling holds the scales;
He weighs together fact and Act,
And grants the plea of the attacked.

LAW AND (MILITARY) ORDER.

EXTRAORDINARY LEGAL DECISION AGAINST AN OFFICER.

The other day, a Mrs. Ada Finna sued Captain John Dear to recover £260 alleged to be due under an agreement in respect of the sale of a dental business. When the case was called on before Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Harold Simmonds, on behalf of the gallant Captain, asked that it might be adjourned, on the ground that he was acting as Adjutant of a London Territorial Regiment stationed at Crowborough, and his Colonel had refused him permission to attend the hearing, as he could not be spared from his military duties—besides which, the only witness for the defence was also in the Army.

It will probably be staggering to our readers to hear that his Lordship refused the request, stating that "If Captain Dear was on the plains of Belgium it might be different." Mrs. Finna thereupon—in the Captain's absence—proved her case and obtained judgment.

We observe that his Lordship said that if the defendant were on the plains of Belgium, "it *might* be different." We wonder if he would go so far as to say that "it *would* be different" if the defendant were wounded and in hospital or would he tell the public in what circumstances he would grant an adjournment to a soldier doing his duty to his country in the present crisis.

Without expressing any opinion on the merits of the case, we do ask Mr. Justice Coleridge what encouragement his decision gives to a man about to join the Colours.

"BRITISH" BUNKUM.

PICTURE PROPRIETORS' PERTINENT PATRONYMICS.

We have given a good many examples from time to time showing the extent of the practice, on the part of German-owned concerns, of hiding the fact of their Teutonic proprietorship by means of adopting some aggressively British title. Now we have the North British Electric Theatres, Limited, a concern formed to run picture houses. This company was registered in April, 1913, with a capital of £5,000 in £1 shares. Of its seven directors, six possess German names, two of them (Messrs. Helwig and Liosclun) actually giving addresses at Mannheim. There are but 29 shareholders, of whom 17 live in Germany, whilst among the 12 resident elsewhere are two Liebmanns, a Steinthal, and a Schultz, besides the Deutsche Bank! Over two-thirds of the shares are held in Germany, whilst, of the balance, more than half belong to persons with German names. To come to exact figures, the shareholders of obvious British nationality own but 640 shares out of 5,000! In these circumstances, we cannot recommend patriotic Scots to patronise the Company's places of entertainment. Although they are doubtless run quite respectably, and there is nothing illegal in British citizens paying for admission, it does seem to us too much like "trading with the enemy"!

By the way, we wonder whether the Company recently showed the remarkable film depicting the havoc wrought by the Huns at Louvain and elsewhere!

The Only Paper that Insures Life, Limb and Home—*Free.*

WANTED, CASH—NOT CACKLE.

A CASE FOR WAR OFFICE ATTENTION.

In the House of Commons the other night Mr. Harold Baker, Financial Secretary to the War Office, met criticisms on the subject of the payment of allowances to soldiers' wives by saying that, while they might have been true three weeks or a month ago, they were true no longer. "As far as the War Office knows," he said, "there are at present no arrears." We hope that defensive statement represents the facts; but the official mind, not to say the official conscience, is of a peculiar type. Without the slightest shock to its structure, it is able to disbelieve what it does not wish to believe; and, therefore, with errors of omission or commission to defend, it is apt to handle truth with a sense of responsibility which seems absolutely careless. Thus it happens that only the day before the Financial Secretary reared on his hind legs to rebut the charges made against the Army Pay Office, a young married woman named Ward answered a summons at Old Street, under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, to show cause why the landlord should not be permitted to turn her out of house and home because there was £1 rent due and he could not get it. What was the woman's plea? She was, she told the magistrate, the wife of a man in the Royal Sussex Regiment, fighting in France, where, answering the first call as a reservist, he had gone on August 5th, and she had not received any money since September 1st; all she had got from the War Office was assurances that "her case would be inquired into." For three weeks the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association had allowed her 12s. 6d. a week, but the allowance was now stopped. "Her husband was wounded on September 7th, and she had received a letter from him from a hospital in France, but no information from the War Office. She had no means, and at the War Office she was told that she must wait until they made inquiries, which might take a week or two."

On the face of it, there is no reason whatever to discredit the story of Mrs. Ward. Mr. Clarke Hall, the Magistrate, did not discredit it at any rate, for he adjourned the case for a week and refused to grant a warrant. If this story—told by the wife of a wounded soldier who can write a letter to her from a hospital in France, but about whom the War Office can give her no information whatever—is true, then what becomes of the assurance of the Financial Secretary that there are at present no arrears, and of his further *apologia* that "Paymasters were told they were to act on *prima facie* evidence—pay first and verify afterwards"? Because this poor woman cannot get her allowance, she is put to the risk and the distress of being turned out of the little nest her husband had made for her before he went fighting for his country. One month's money was due on October 1st, and another due on November 1st; yet on November 12th she has not received a penny to pay her rent. Making every allowance for War Office pressure, it is evident that, taking this case as it appears in court, there is something very loose and sloppy on the business side of things at the War Office. Somewhere the wounded Tommy is numbered and docketed and initialled and countersigned and taped-round and pigeonholed, but as for his wife's allowance—*that*, somehow, has been carelessly lost, and the best the War Office can do for her—all it can give her to eat and all it can give her to shelter her against the landlord and the broker—is red tape and stationery and dockets and inquiries and references back, and other tremendous lumps of innutritive pabulum. We suggest to the Financial Secretary that this is a case to be disposed of, not by cackle, but by cash, paid without any further delay.

FATAL FLAWS.

ROAD TO RUIN PAVED WITH WELL-INTENDED ACT.

Already the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act is failing with its beneficent object. In one recent instance it was employed to authorise the execution of an Ejectment Order against an elderly woman whose daughter—her sole support—had gone to the front as a nurse. Upon a technicality she was refused relief. If necessary, the aid of Parliament must be invoked to clarify or amend the somewhat ill-drafted measure.

THAT WOODEN "BOARD."

AIDING THE KING'S ENEMIES.

The fatuous procedure of the Board of Trade in relation to German patents and trade marks rivals the absurdities of Gilbertian farce. At the instance of Boulton Macro, Limited, a London firm of manufacturing chemists, the Comptroller of Patents was recently asked to annul, or at least to suspend, the Trade Mark of "Pebeco" Tooth Paste, manufactured and sold by an enemy firm. The registered mark consisted of the word "Pebeco," and in support of their application the London firm proved that the dentifrice was prepared by Messrs. Beiersdorf, of Hamburg, and distributed from a London branch managed by a German subject. Despite this conclusive evidence, which was not for a moment contested, the Comptroller thought fit to reserve his decision, and in due course the applicants received the following soulful screed, in which, by way of preliminary display, the name of the tooth-paste was picturesquely misspelt. The letter proceeded:—

> I am directed by the Board of Trade to refer to your application to the Board of Trade to order the avoidance or suspension of the Trade Mark numbered 313,005, registered in Class 48, and to inform you that the Board of Trade have decided to make no order in the matter.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Beiersdorf were in a position of some difficulty. With the progress of the war, their London branch was unable to obtain further supplies from Hamburg, and had the Boulton Macro Company been permitted by the Government to produce an equally serviceable article and to call it "Pebeco," they would doubtless have captured a profitable trade. But the futile decision of the Board enabled Messrs. Beiersdorf to overcome the natural difficulties of their position. "Pebeco" Tooth Paste continues to be consigned to Great Britain, its preparation now being undertaken by Messrs. Lehn and Fink, of New York—whose names are sufficiently indicative of their racial origin, and although they now claim to be the "sole agents and manufacturers" of "Pebeco," it is boldly announced that the product was "originated by P. Beiersdorf and Co., Hamburg, Germany." In these circumstances, it is astonishing that the British Board of Trade should have refused to allow British manufacturers to make this preparation under the name by which it is identified in the public mind.

GERMAN DUM-DUMS?

RED CROSS NURSE'S TERRIBLE CASE.

In every modern war there are accusations by one side against the other as to the use of dum-dums. A reader in the North of London sends us an extract from a letter from his daughter, a nurse at a hospital base at the front. One soldier in her charge, she says, has the most terrific wound she has ever seen. A dum-dum bullet went in at his back in the lumbar region and made a hole the size of a shilling—no more—and came out between his legs, where he is absolutely torn in two, "you could easily put your hand into the wound, or anything that size." This is awful, but German nurses and doctors also assert that they are treating their soldiers for dum-dum wounds. Apart from the fact that the modern bullet has a tendency to become dum-dum when fired at close quarters by reason of its high velocity, the individual soldier can convert his bullets into dum-dums by means well known to him. It is a weapon professedly regarded with abhorrence in civilised "warfare, and we do not believe that the German troops have been officially supplied with it. That nation subscribed to the Hague Convention of 1907, which forbids the employment of "arms, projectiles or materials calculated to cause unnecessary suffering."

With an ordinary bullet wound, a man may go for some distance with one or two of them in him without stopping or knowing what has happened until he drops from sheer exhaustion through loss of blood, but a bullet expanding after ingress is a weapon which tears and lacerates all the way of its agonising course. Happily, even in this Barbarian Butcher's war, such bullet wounds as those described by this British nurse are rare indeed.

Extra £25 Football Prize for a "Mary Bull" Naval Coupon. See page 27.

AN ALIEN'S LOVE LETTER.

GERMHUN BELIEVES "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

There is a very old saying about training a child in the way it should go. To a certain extent the adage is sound. In Germany the young are taught that they are the "salt of the earth," and that Teutonic culture is to be imposed upon the whole world; but the pupils are likely to have a rude awakening. Here is a sample of the mental attitude which such instruction develops. A young German, in his self-conceit, imagined that he had captured the heart of an English girl after a few days' acquaintance. Although she had given him no encouragement, he wrote her this letter—from a concentration camp! It is dated October 25th:—

> MY DEAREST ——, I am so lonely without you but I suppose I shall have to waite before I can see you ontill this trouble is over I wish they would stop it, it dit last far to long already it is to bad dont you think so dearest, and all them peoples their are beeing killt. I have to brothers in the army now and I hope they dit not have to go to the front yet. you need not worry about me I shall keep away alright, and I dont think that they even need me their are plenty men in Germany to fight the hole world. Well you want to know why I said the english have made a mistake you see if they would have kept out of it nobody would have done them any harm and they would not get beaten as they do now. you say it was their only chance by asisting France, you mean to say to beat Germany, but Germany dit not give them the chance to do so and you see England will be beaten for the first time in its history, and it serve them right to for they are always puting their nose in to other peoples bussiness. now Dearest you must not be offended you ask me why and I told you what I know. I want make any difference to us two my love. My only wish is it was over I should not care who won it. Well Dearest I think this is all for this time and I will close hoping to hear from you again very soon.
>
> Heaps of love and kisses
>
> GEORGE GATTINGER.

No wonder the English maiden considers she should teach this alien a lesson. And, by the way, are not the letters written from concentration camps consored?

A STOKE NEWINGTON MYSTERY.

STRANGE SEQUEL TO A CANDID COMMUNICATION.

In our issue of last week we addressed some words of advice to a medical man who had been fined at the North London Police Court for spanking a boy patient, aged 3½ years. The summons was issued against "Dr. Reginald Courtenay Gayer, of Allen Road, Stoke Newington," and his name thus appears on the Police Record Book. We are now assured by the London and Counties' Medical Protection Society "that there is on the Medical Register but one doctor of the name of Dr. Reginald Courtenay Gayer," and that "he resides at 33, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, S.W., and has nothing to do with the doctor at Allen Road, Stoke Newington." We, of course, unhesitatingly accept these statements, and are pleased to give publicity to them. The South Kensington medical man is entitled to have it made known as widely as possible that he was not the defendant in the case referred to, and has no connection with the individual charged under the same name but as of a totally different address.

But this cannot end the matter. If it were merely a case of there being two Reginald Courtenay Gayers, totally unconnected, the coincidence—though remarkable—might be dismissed from the public mind. But when, as is the case here, only the name of the one residing at 33, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, is to be found on the Medical Register, whilst the other, living at Stoke Newington—although his name is not on the Medical Register—practises as a doctor, being an assistant to Dr. Matthewson, a well-known local practitioner, there is surely a mystery which ought to be explained. The most obvious person to give that explanation is the Stoke Newington Dr. Gayer—and we hope to hear from him on the matter.

WHAT ABOUT THE MISSUS?
Have you taken home this week's
"MARY BULL,"
AND IF NOT, WHY NOT?

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S) against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, *free of any cost*, protection not only in regard to life and limb *but also against damage to the home.* There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. *All you have to do is to preserve carefully the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—after signing it, with name and address*—and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, November 25th, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, November 26th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that JOHN BULL is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named:—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
In the event of damage to Home or Contents, up to	£100

We shall not trouble about any question of "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, *and to no one else.*

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of injury to any one person, or in respect of damage to any one home—nor more than a total of £10,000 paid.

We pay the Government Stamp Duty, and *we* pay the premium to Lloyd's. You should fill up a similar coupon for each member of your family, and if you do not require the additional copies of our journal *send them to friends abroad, or to soldiers in hospital or camp*—they will be very glad to have them.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers resident in the United Kingdom—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians or Turks, even though "naturalised."*

"JOHN BULL" IS THE ONLY PAPER INSURING AGAINST LOSS OF HOME LIMB & LIFE.

REALLY, RALEIGH!

ARTFUL ARNOLD AFTER HALF-A-CROWN.

On Wednesday, November 4th, were posted in the E.C. district a number of registered letters bearing, in addition to the address, the words "PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL." When opened, with excited expectations of prize money, or some other equally welcome contents, on the part of their recipients, they were found to enclose a missive, printed in typewritten characters, from one Arnold Raleigh, "The Successful Competition Journalist," of 18, Bride Lane, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. One lies (in the double sense) before us as we write. It reads as follows:—

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

Dear Sir,

If you are eager to win a big prize and will not mind sharing it with me I think I can at last offer you the grand opportunity.

I have to-day seen the new "Bullets" examples, and among them the following one:—'ABSORBING SUBJECT.'

Having waited some considerable time for this example to appear in a contest and having made special preparation for its appearance I have particular reasons for thinking I can win a big prize on the example quoted above. I have by me a few special solutions for this example, and providing strict secrecy is maintained, am willing to part with same at the rate of 2 for 2s. 6d. It is also essential that these solutions shall be entered according to my method, which is a valuable knowledge in itself. Therefore, if you accept my offer, I will send you these special efforts already entered on the coupon. Such is my knowledge of coupon entering that I am sure the chance of success would be lessened were I to send my solutions to you on plain paper.

All I ask is that you post off the coupon from YOUR OWN address, and promise me 20% (4/- in the pound) share of the win.

Further I must request you not to divulge the nature of my work at least until after the closing date. Strict confidence is absolutely essential.

I will keep my offer open until Tuesday morning, but advise you, for certain reasons, to send as early as possible.

Awaiting your reply,

Yours very truly, A. RALEIGH.

What must be obvious to the meanest intelligence is that, if he had honestly evolved from the words "Absorbing Subject" a "Bullet" which he was confident would win a big prize, instead of going to the trouble and expense of printing quantities of the above letter, and incurring the cost of their registration, he would himself have invested sixpence or so in his own idea and thereby have given himself a chance to win the whole prize, instead of only 20 per cent. of it. We are therefore disinclined to respect Mr. Raleigh's desire for "Strict Confidence" in this matter, for it is our plain duty to do all that is possible to protect our readers from the sharp practices of tricksters of his kidney. Arnold is simply out for half-crowns; but we are happy to believe that by this time competitors in "Bullets" are become too wide-awake to provide him with much of a harvest. His scheme is not, perhaps, so blatantly dishonest as that engineered by the shark Lester, but it sails close enough to the wind to merit the severe condemnation of all who are anxious to keep a recreative, and often highly profitable, competition clean and free from reproach. We have consequently inscribed his name on our black list, and when the opportunity occurs will add his portrait to our gallery of undesirables.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.

THE ENEMY GIVE SOME PECULIAR PROMOTIONS.

There are people in this country who may well exclaim, "Save us from our friends!" Here is a translation from a Rio De Janeiro paper, *A Noticia*, of October 15th. It purports to be a telegram from its London representative.

> The *Morning Post* draws attention to the violence of the attacks against England of the *Corriere d'Italia*, which published a report stating that the Prime Minister of Bavaria places responsibility of the war upon England, citing the opinions of English statesmen, such as Lord Ponsonby, Lord Ramsey, Sir Macdonald, and Sir John Burns, this last a member of the Government.

We are afraid that the "statesmen" who have thus had honours thrust upon them will have to wait for their realisation until the Kaiser occupies the English throne.

RIFLE AN' ME.

Rifle an' me we've clattered along
From Mons to Compeynay.
An' I've fed 'im well 'mid the shot an' shell,
An' he's served me day by day.
Oh, it's good to feel, as I lie or kneel,
His butt on my shoulder blade,
When 'is flaming breath, in the fields of death,
Finds work for the shining spade.

Rifle an' me, we are right good pals;
'E speaks when I wants him to:
And 'e takes his smack without talkin' back,
Which other pals won't do.
He lies on my hand like a trustin' child,
As still as a well-taught hound;
An' the bullets slim they are meat to 'im,
An' 'e swallers 'em round by round.

Rifle an' me, we are doing our bit,
An' doing it neat an' well.
An' French an' us, we make no fuss,
But we're giving the Germans 'ell.
For every shriekin' woman shamed,
For every maddened soul,
Rifle an' me, we have spoke for three,
An' taken a hungry toll.

Rifle an' me, we've been workin' back
From Compeynay to Mons,
An' the Bosches squeal at the gleamin' steel
Of his bayonet marchin' on.
Over the trampled plains of France,
Through the reek of the acrid wind,
Me an' my gun we chivvy the Hun,
An' 'elps 'im along behind.

Rifle an' me, in the silent hours
Lie down there side by side,
On the field of the fight when the stars shine white
In the dead eyes starin' wide;
And my fingers clasp his iron throat—
Oh, sturdy 'is build an' breed!
An' I grips him tight through the whispering night,
A friend that's a friend indeed!

WILLIAM BOOTH.

NURSES AND "NURSES."

"MINISTERING ANGELS" OR MUNDANE ATTENDANTS?

Miss Bell, a brave English girl of 18, while attending the wounded in the firing line at Le Mans, was hit herself—a shell smashed both her legs—and subsequently died in hospital. Now we should like to know upon whose authority this child was allowed in the firing line, as she was not a qualified nurse.

And while on the subject of nurses, we may say that we recently had occasion to visit a young fellow who was wounded during the retreat from Mons. We found him very comfortable, cheerful and almost convalescent. He had only one complaint. "I cannot understand the authorities," he said. "When I was really ill, and my wound wanted very careful attention twice a day, I had an extremely young nurse, who used to make an awful bungle of the dressing—so much so that, in order to save my life, I had to ask the doctor to give me some efficient attendant, which he eventually did. Now that I am convalescent, I have an expert nurse." We hope the hospital authorities won't mind us giving them a tip. Hundreds of qualified nurses want work, but cannot afford to do it voluntarily. Engage them and pay them. It may be true that, generally speaking, they are no longer young. But they know their business, and while the soldier is in pain and danger he would sooner have the attention of a middle-aged worker, with experience, than a pretty novice. When he is convalescent, of course he may prefer the "confection."

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The finest that Scotland can produce.

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Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices.

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces. Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? Packing Free. Special Terms for large orders. The Guaranteed Age is given with every bottle.

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21 Years Old	66/-	33/6	17/-
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Fill up this Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

YOU RUN NO RISK—
OUR GUARANTEE KEEPS YOU SAFE.

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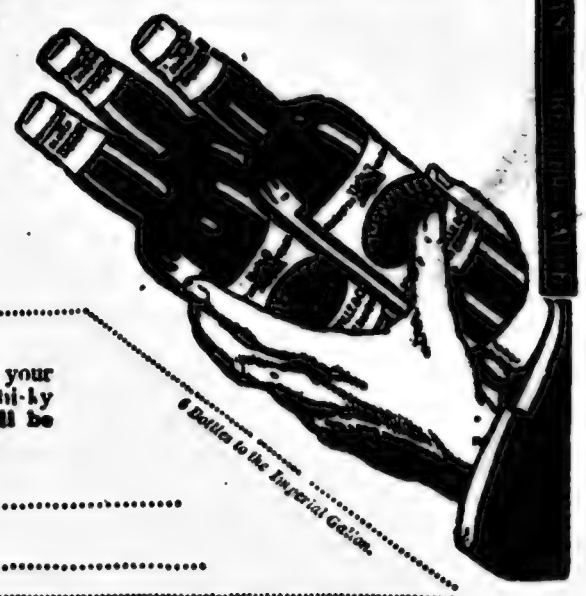

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value.....for which please send me..... of your Specially selected Fully Guaranteed ..... Years old Scotch Whisky on condition that if it is not the finest I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.

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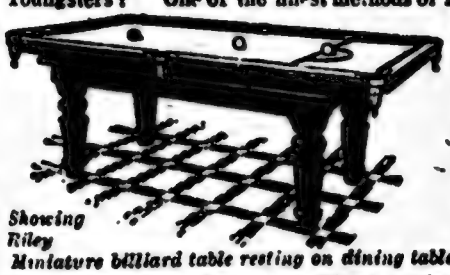
Make the Home Life Happy & Harmonious

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS GREAT OFFER & WRITE TO-NIGHT

A Small First Payment of 8s. 6d. brings a Perfect Billiard Table —You have No Trouble or Worry—and you Play as you Pay.

With the approach of the long Winter nights parents are again faced with the problem: "How can we make home bright and cheerful for the Youngsters?" One of the finest methods of strengthening home influences is the game of Billiards at home—a game that is rapidly growing in popularity. And rightly so for no indoor game has such charm and attraction for spectators and players alike. Billiards is the irresistible magnet that draws everyone home—and keeps them there.



Showing Riley Miniature billiard table resting on dining table

A PERFECT GAME FOR THE HOME.

When Riley's, of Accrington, started making Billiard Tables, they proved that people did not require a large room in order to have their own table. Riley's make home Billiard Tables in many sizes, and every table is perfect in proportion and accurate in every detail, giving the same scientific game as played on their famous full-sized match-tables. At the same time Riley's have dispelled the erroneous idea that Billiards at home is a rich man's game. For they have made the buying terms so easy that every home in Britain can have its own table.

SPECIAL OFFER OF EASY PAYMENT.

The Special Offer is that for the sum of 8s. 6d.—(which means only 8½d. per day)—for first payment, and 1 monthly payments of 8s. 6d., Riley's will send, carriage paid to any Railway Station (at their own risk), a Miniature Billiard Table to rest on a Dining Table the cash price of which is £2 5s.). This is a very popular size, and will fit any ordinary-sized room, yet it is so perfectly proportioned that any player can enjoy a good game upon it. I but suppose, for some reason or other, you are not satisfied with your table after 7 days' trial, all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed

FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU.

Do not delay—send a P.O. for 8s. 6d. for first payment, and your table (6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.) will be despatched with all accessories within 7 days. There is no carriage for you to pay, no trouble, no bother, and the second payment not due for another month.

In addition to their miniature tables, Riley's have another table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large size Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. The price for same varies from £13 10s. to £42, according to size, and can also be secured on easy payments, spread over 12 months or 18 months.

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THE SECRET OF A GOOD RAZOR IS IN THE STEEL.

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Obtained of all Stores, Cutlers, Hairdressers, etc.

INSIST ON HAVING A WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZOR AND YOUR SHAVING TROUBLES ARE OVER.

"IT'S THE STEEL, THAT DOES IT."

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SAFETY and the THIN BLADE SAFETY. 10/6 to 21/-

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SEND FOR LIST

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan.

YOUR MAJESTY,—A word of respectful greeting and of cordial congratulation. We are proud to know that the fall of Tsing-tau was due to a combined assault by British and Japanese naval forces, and we regard this signal victory as of happy augury for the future success of our allied arms. It is not for me to anticipate the strategic plans of the experts, but I venture to assure your Majesty that we shall all be very pleased to welcome the arrival of your splendid little fleet, and a few corps of your wonderful little men, in the Western theatre of the war.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Pardon me if I intrude for a moment upon your military duties to bring a small domestic matter to your notice. I believe it is a laudable ambition of yours to be known as a model landlord; but you have so many calls upon your time that it is manifestly impossible for you to take an active interest in the management of your property in South London, known as the Duke of Cornwall's Estate. Nevertheless, I venture to suggest that you snatch a moment to cause inquiries to be made as to why so many of your flats in Lower Kennington Lane, particularly at the corner of White Hart Street, remain untenanted month after month, if not year after year, whilst scores of respectable working men in the neighbourhood cannot find decent accommodation. I believe you will find the reason to be the prohibitive rent. Now, may I respectfully suggest to your Royal Highness that, instead of the managers of your estate spending hundreds of pounds a year in prosecutions for damage to the property, and paying rewards to informers, it would be more profitable if the rents were reduced to a reasonable figure, the flats occupied, and the local rates accordingly benefited? I should be glad to hear that your Royal Highness had paid a surprise visit to your Estate Office at 284, Kennington Road, and given orders for the whole facts and figures to be placed before you.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Carl von Müller, Commander ex Kaisership "Emden," Australia.

MY DEAR CAP'N,—A month ago I had the honour to inform you that, much as I admired your exploits as a sailor and a gentleman, it was my painful duty to warn you that you were getting rather too hot on the ground, and that if you did not keep quiet we should have to gather you in or send you to the bottom. "Hitherto," I added, "we have not had any time in hand to attend to you; I understand you have now a chance of getting all the attention you deserve." By this time you perceive what comes of not taking good advice; you have been attended to, as I said you would be. You have, however, played the game all through in that sporting spirit which Britons admire—and, notwithstanding that you have cost me about two millions in cash, I sincerely hope you are quite well, wherever you are, as it leaves me at present. *Gute Nacht. Es ist Zeit zu Bette zu gehen.* JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Opposition Leader, House of Commons.

DEAR BONAR,—Let me congratulate you on the splendid way you and your fellows are keeping the peace in time of war. When one begins to realise what a lot of business we can get through in a business-like way when we waste neither time, nor talent, nor energy, in kicking up a row in the House, it really seems worth while asking ourselves—don't you think so?—whether we had not better smash up the Party machine altogether and be done with it now and for ever. If, in the greatest crisis which our country and Empire have ever faced, we find that Party is not a help but a hindrance, and that Party politics are actually a menace to our existence, surely it is evident that in our smaller affairs, our mere domesticities, we could get along very much better if we scrapped the machine as so much old iron? Think it over.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edward Troup, Permanent Secretary, Home Office, London.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—I should have regarded it as a glaring oversight if the Home Office had not added its quota to the efforts made by the War Office to encourage the recruiting of volunteers for the Army. As I anticipated, it has manfully and enthusiastically risen to the occasion in the circular you have addressed, by direction of the Home Secretary and at the desire of the Army Council, to Chief Constables throughout the country, instructing them to organise a system of espionage against the wives and dependents of British soldiers; that is to say, they are to spy on the women, furnish confidential reports of their conduct, and, "as opportunity offers, endeavour to check misconduct . . . by warning offenders that its continuance will involve the stoppage of their allowances." A pensioned Lord Chancellor or Home Office official might possibly be affronted if, in a solicitous regard for the continuance of his retiring allowance, the police spied upon his wife, concocted confidential reports about her, and assailed her in his absence with personal admonition. Not so the soldier risking his life, for a pittance, in the service of his country; he, I am confident, will feel comforted to know that his wife or his daughter is being honoured by a strict police surveillance, in the interests of her morals and for the justification of the official allowance which maintains her against starvation. While energies so inexhaustible and talents so dazzling are organised to recruit the nation for victory and for vengeance, how can we be downhearted?

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—I understand that this circular is about to be withdrawn—and a good job, too!

To J. H. Thomas, Esq., M.P., National Union of Railwaymen.

SIR,—Allow me to express my sense of the admirable services you are rendering to the cause of recruiting for the new Army. As an active trades unionist, you have a peculiar claim upon the confidence of the workers, and it is good to know that the whole weight of your influence has been employed to sustain their patriotic fervour. In this momentous crisis you have thought, not of any mere sectional interest, but of the welfare of the community as a whole. You believe that "something more than wealth and material gain are involved in this war—liberty and freedom." We are in complete agreement. What a pity you were not allowed to say these things at West Hartlepool!

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Suffragette, London.

MADAME,—My expenditure of seven-and-sixpence is, I confess, hardly justified by the entertainment I have received in the reading of your Autobiography. In a word, it is very dull, and about as full of blunders as any book can well be; you do not appear to know either who's who or what's what, and where you have not made blunders of your own, your publisher has rushed in with wild impetuosity to retrieve the situation. You mix up Mr. Herbert Samuel with Mr. Lloyd George; you allege that the leader of the Irish Nationalists is Mr. James Redmond; you assert that the name of Timothy, of the Healyite party, is Healey; you don't know who was on the throne in 1908; you fix the General Election of 1910 in 1911; you call the thoroughfare in the Strand "Aldwich"; you allege that the music-hall in Piccadilly Circus is the "Pavillion"; and you and the publisher between you perpetrate so many other blunders, that I am led to suppose you wrote the book in sleep and he printed it in delirium. Better send a copy to the British Museum as a literary curiosity, and burn the rest.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—When can I have my money back?

To J. M. Hogge, Esq., M.P.

EGREGIOUS ASS,—And so you think it was "a great mistake" to put Lord Kitchener at the head of the War Office, and that "a soldier should never have been sent there"! What sort of a War Minister would *you* think best—a sailor, perhaps, or a lawyer? You blithering idiot—get out of it!

JOHN BULL.

Sign the Zeppelin Insurance Coupon *Every Week*. You never know—

SOLDIER AND SEER.

THE LAST CALL!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Thanks to the generous response of our readers, we have been able to grant immediate relief to the dependents of many soldiers and sailors who had either been refused assistance by the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association or the Prince of Wales' Fund, or such assistance was being unduly delayed. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical :—

A Scotch non-commissioned officer, married, with children, after filling up allotment of pay papers proceeded to the front with a light heart, feeling that he had left his wife and children in the safe care of the War Office. He was wounded in one of the earlier engagements and returned to England for treatment. The first thing he did was to write to his wife—when, much to his astonishment, he learned that, although seven weeks had elapsed, she had received neither separation allowance nor allotment of pay, and that during the whole of the time he had been away she had been forced to live upon the charity of her friends and neighbours—and this though shortly to become a mother. The poor fellow appealed to us for aid, and we soon put matters right.

A battery shoeing-smith, married, with five children, after repeated applications by letter to his Paymaster, and personal protest to the Captain of his battery that his wife and children were practically starving because they had not received what was due to them, forwarded to us full particulars of their plight. We rendered immediate help, sending them £2, as well as giving advice which expedited the movements of the authorities.

The case of a widow, with three sons in the fighting line, was actually brought to our notice by a member of a Local Pension Committee, as she was endeavouring to exist on 2s. 6d. a week, allowed to her by the local Guardians. Before proceeding to the front, her lads had made her an allotment of pay, which, however, she had never received. The Pension Committee had "no power" to help her—but we could, and sent her at once a couple of pounds.

A wife of a Royal Fleet Reservist, who rejoined the Royal Naval Brigade on August 4th, until the end of October had not received a penny-piece from the Admiralty, although she had two children to support. During the three months she eked out a miserable existence on 10s. a week, allowed to her by her husband's late employer. Naturally, she was compelled to get into debt—to settle the most pressing of which we have sent her a donation.

A Reservist's wife, with four children, received separation allowance and allotment of pay for several weeks after her husband had gone to the front. It then suddenly ceased. She wrote to the authorities, to be informed that her money was stopped because her husband had been discharged from the army. She knew this to be wrong, because she received letters from him periodically, and told them so. Being still unable, however, to get anything, she communicated with us. Our investigations soon cleared up the mistake, but in the meantime she required something for her support, and this we were able to find.

A married man with three children, answered his country's call, but had subsequently to be operated upon for a slightly swollen vein. The operation turned out unsatisfactory, and he was therefore discharged as "medically unfit." He was, of course, unfit also for civil employment; so we rendered the family immediate assistance, and we are endeavouring to get him some light employment.

A somewhat similar case is that of a man "temporarily discharged"; in other words, he broke down in training, and was sent back to his wife and family, with a view of his recovery. A peculiar feature is that his pay was stopped. We gave immediate assistance, and placed him in touch with the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association.

The wife of a marine, with three children, wished to see her husband in hospital at Deal, after being wounded at Antwerp. Not having the means—she lives in the Midlands—she appealed to us—and did not appeal in vain.

A non-commissioned officer of the Royal Engineers, a married man, went to the front. His wife thereupon gave up her rooms, and, with her two children, went to live with her parents in the country, the furniture being stored with a neighbour. Not being able to pay her rent, the husband received in camp a registered letter, demanding the amount forthwith. This naturally upset him, especially as there was a threat to distrain upon the goods. We had the pleasure of putting the matter straight.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Master, Officers and crew of the s.s. "Dinsdalehall," £25; A. W. B. (Birmingham), 1s.; D. M. (Penarth), £1; A. B., 2s.; "Rosie," 2s. 6d.; A. McC. (Antrim), 2s.; K. A., £1; "Esperanto," 4s.; L. S., 2s.; "Ubique," 2s. 6d.; The crew of s.s. "Citrine" (Glasgow), £2; "Sundry Orders," 4s. 6d.; "Bill," 1s.; T. L. W., 1s.; H. N. G., 2s. 6d.; G. B., 1s.; M. D. (Bolton), 1s.; H. T., 2s.; C. W., 6d.; S. M. R., 6d.; J. A. W., 10s.; "Edgar and Ivy," 4s.; "Incierto," 1s.; M. H. (Weymouth), 2s.; G. F., 2s. 6d.; F. L. B., 2s.; G. W., 5s.; J. A., 1s. and parcel; J. T. F., 2s. 6d.; E. B. (Southampton), 3s.; W. H. M., 1s.; L. D., 2s. 6d.; "Evelyn and Freda," 1s. 6d.; "Kirkby," 2s. 6d.; W. K. T., 5s.; J. R. A., 5s. 6d.; A. B. (Birkenhead), 5s.; J. S., $1; R. P., $1; A. C., 1s.; "Emmie," 1s.; "A Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; A. H. (Doncaster), 5s.; M. L. (Shropshire), 2s. 6d.; H. R. D., 1s.; "Left Behind," 10s.; "Isa Ayers," 2s. 6d.; J. A. C., 1s.; "Two Wee Mites," 1s.; E. S. (Bridlington), 2s.; T. G. B., 5s.; C. N. H., 6d.; W. K., 6d.; W. H., 1s.; "Curbed Copper," 5s.; Anon., 6d.; A. W., 10s.; A. T. S. (Wallasey), 1s.; A. J., 1s.; "A Soldier's Sister," 2s.; J. L. (Jersey), $5; D. P., 1s.; "Hard-up," 1s.; C. H., 1s.; M. S., 5s.; "One of the Rank and File," 2s. 6d.; H. K. D., 2s. 6d.; "Little Philpot," 2s 6d.; "Edgar and Ivy," parcel; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; M. B., 1s.; W. O., 5s.; J. W., £2; A. M. and Co. (Inverness), 1s.; H. C. S. (Bradford) 1s.; A. H. (Leicester), 1s.; H. P., 1s.; "The Employees of C. W." (Limehouse), 10s.; "Teviotside," 2s.; S. C., 2s.; R. E. A., 2s. 6d.; "Get," 4s.; E. C., £5; "Chiswick," 2s.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; R. H. C., 10s.; J. L., $5; S. J. W. C., £1; W. O., £1 1s.; F. E. S., £1; J. E. S., 2s.; R. W., 2s. 6d.; A. G. T. (Frizington), 2s. 6d.; "Homewood," £1; M. S., 6d.; M. A., 1s.; H. M., 10s.; S. S. A., 5s.; T. C. H., 1s. 6d.; F. T., £5; J. E. E. (Swansea), 1s.; R. C., 3s. 6d.; C. J. B., 2s. 6d.; W. H. N., 6d.; E. D. S., 5s.; H. F., 1s. 6d.; "Ally," 2s. 6d.; J. B. S., 2s.; N. H., 1s.; "Lady Pharmacist," 2s. 6d.; "Corfu," 2s. 6d.; J. D., 5s.; Anon., 1s.

Mrs. Davies, the winner of the First Prize in our 108th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," Charlton Street, 3s. 7½d.; Mr. C. Besser, "Black Horse," Tottenham Court Road, 2s. 11½d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 48, Brompton Road, 1s. 6d.; Mr. H. Ault, 7, Albany Street, Camberwell, 1s. 1d.; Mr. A. E. Frame, "The Angel," Lambeth Walk, 1s. 7d.; Mr. A. E. Gilbert, "City Arms," Devon's Road, Bow, 1s. 8d.; Mr. A. Heys, "Denbigh Arms," Denbigh Place, 1s. 1d.; Mr. T. H. Rawlings, "Bessborough Arms," Bessborough Place, 2s. 9d.; Mr. E. T. Pimm, "The Cock," Waltham Green, 1s.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 23, Leman Street, 2s.; Mr. H. Lee, "Copenhagen," 183, Salmon's Lane Limehouse 1s. 6d.; Mr. E. C. Gilforth, "King's Arms," 357, Cable Street, Stepney, 2s. 5d.; Mr. H. Arnold, "City of Canton," Upper North Street, Poplar, 1s.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, 8s. 2½d.; Sister Elkins, Brook Hospital, Shooter's Hill, 4s. 10d.; Mr. G. Henwood, 61, George Street, 1s. 1d.; Mr. H. Lane, "African Tavern," Poplar, E., 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. E. Heath, "The Atlas," 46, Seagrave Road, Fulham, 1s. 3d.; Mr. E. E. Gilbert, 176, Upper Richmond Road, 1s. 2d.; Mr. L. J. Brown, "Sadlers," Swallow Street, 1s. 1d.

PENARTH.—Mr. W. E. Jones, 37, Stanwell Road, £1-12s.

LEEDS.—Mr. A. Brown, 11, Queen's Arcade, 1s. 0½d.; Mr. S. Alban, 7, Camp Road, 2d.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. Taylor, Park Palace Hotel, Mill Street, 1s. 5d.

FAVERSHAM.—Mr. J. Duran, 14, East Street, 1s. 7d.

HORSE [illegible]—Mr. E. Furley, Central Stores, Beltinge, 1s. 9½d.

BRIGHTON.—Messrs. Mantell and James, 1 and 2, Arundel Street, 4s. 2½d.; Mr. E. Knott, 88, Elm Grove, 1s. 1½d.; Mr. J. M. Sylvester, 6, Bristol Gardens Kemp Town, 3s. 2½d.; Mr. P. Tullett, Roundhill Tavern, Ditchling Road 1s.; Mr. W. D. Barber, 92, Preston Drove, 3s. 6d.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. T. C. Watson, University Bar, 5s. 2d.

RUGBY.—Mr. S. Goodman, 11, Vicarage Hill, Clifton, 2s. 9d.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. D. Somerville, 14, St. Vincent Street, 1s.; Mr. C. Clark 1, Roseburn Terrace, 3s. 3d.; Mr. C. W. Bryce, 1, Spittal Street, 1s. 1½d.; Mr. J. A. Archibald, 59, St. Stephen's Street, 1s. 6d.; Mr. F. Stevens, 69 Clerk Street, 1s. 5½d.

The "John Bull" Pen Coupon is on page ii. of cover.

A New Way to Buy Food.

The only real test of food is the nourishment it gives. Many foods *seem* economical because they cost little. Cod, for instance, ordinarily costs far less per lb. than beef, but when you buy cod, you get less than half as much nourishment for 1/- as when you buy beef.

In these times of stress the only true economy is to buy food for its body-building powers. All else is waste of money.

Tested by the true scientific standard, Bovril is perhaps the most economical food in the world.

You can be sure of being nourished if you take

BOVRIL

It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril. But that is not all. It has been proved by independent scientific experiments that Bovril makes other foods yield up their nourishment. Bovril therefore just makes the difference between your being nourished and your not being nourished by your food.

So when you buy Bovril you buy a food which, cost for cost, is extraordinarily high in body-building powers, in fact, the only food that has been proved to have a body-building power of 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

In Peace and in War

Bovril always has been at the front.

When Shackleton had to select his concentrated beef food for the British Antarctic Expedition, food on which in most adverse circumstances his success—nay, his very life—would depend, he selected Bovril.

In writing to his agents Shackleton said:

"It must be Bovril."

In war-time, too, Bovril is in evidence whenever it is important to have the best. In the South African War Sir William MacCormac had hot Bovril ready for the wounded soldiers as they reached the hospitals. In the present War large quantities have been supplied to His Majesty's Forces, as well as to the hospitals both at home and at the front.

CALAIS HOSPITAL.

Calais is to have at last a properly equipped hospital of 200 beds, to be immediately installed. The cross-Channel packet Le Nord was crowded last night with stores of all kinds—beds, medical dressings, BOVRIL, and chocolate.

Times, 29th Oct., 1914.

THE SURVIVORS OF H.M.S. ABOUKIR.

"Soon after that the Lance came along and took us aboard, then afterwards we were shipped on to the Lowestoft. We soon got into some clothes, and I don't think anything ever tasted better than the half-pint of hot BOVRIL they gave me."

Letter in *Evening News*, 9th Oct., 1914.

THE CREW OF H.M.S. HOGUE.

They worked alongside H.M.S. Lowestoft, but seeing a submarine coming up they shouted out to the Commodore, "Let us drift: there is a submarine ahead." With that the Lowestoft shaped a course, and got clear. When later the Lowestoft came round again and took them aboard they were given hot BOVRIL.

Portsmouth Evening News.

Bovril is the only food proved to have a body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

B.11.B.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

A PRUSSIAN SPY'S PERNICIOUS SCHEMES.

We recently reproduced part of a typewritten letter addressed to us and purporting to come from a Miss Eve Emanuel, "care of F. Gubener, Berlin Friedenan, Kaiser Allee 110," although, as we pointed out, doubtless really emanating from the Kaiser's Lie Factory. In a hand-written postscript the sender asked that if we published any portion of this communication we should send a copy of the issue containing it to "her mother," whose London address she gave. One of the lady's relatives has since given us some very interesting information. It appears that, towards the end of last year, Gubener came here from Germany and stayed at a London lodging house. Shortly after his arrival he made the acquaintance of Miss Emanuel, and they soon apparently became on affectionate terms—so much so, that in February last the lady left for Germany with a view to being introduced to Gubener's relatives prior to marrying him. The advances of the German had, however, never been viewed with favour by Mrs. Emanuel and the rest of the prospective bride's family—who had no intercourse of any kind with Gubener, though, as the lady was of full age, they were unable to break off the match. As soon as she arrived in Berlin she corresponded with relatives over here, and they were expecting her back at the end of July. She did not, however, return; and has not, as a matter of fact, done so up to the present, nor have her family, since the outbreak of hostilities, heard one word from her in reply to the anxious letters they have written. Her brother called to see us, stating that the letter could not have been written by his sister, and on being shown the handwriting of the postscript he had no hesitation in pronouncing it a forgery. The family are naturally perturbed at the enforced stay of the lady in the capital of our principal enemies, and the use of her name in connection with so unpatriotic and untruthful a document, as they are of indisputable loyalty. As we have said, they were before suspicious of Gubener, and it would now seem reasonably certain that he was a spy in the employ of the German Government, and is availing himself of the unwilling presence of an Englishwoman in Berlin to further his pernicious designs. We are glad to know that his machinations are so heartily disapproved by Mrs. Emanuel and her family, and congratulate them on their intuitive valuation of the man's character. We, therefore, have pleasure in withdrawing the suggestion that Mrs. Emanuel's house should be kept under observation by the authorities—though in what we said we were solely actuated by a desire to fulfil what we conceive to be our duty in the present crisis.

A SLIP OF THE PENCIL.

Messrs. Sandle Bros. write us—apropos of our recent comment on an advertisement in their monthly journal headed "British-Made Pencils," a photographic block below showing a bundle of them to be "made in Bavaria"—that they regret that, through a careless error, an old block was used, and that now, and for some years past, the pencils have been manufactured in England. With their letter they sent us some of these more recent productions, which are certainly marked "London." Messrs. Sandle ask us, "with our usual justice and fairplay," to notify this fact, and we have pleasure in doing so.

WAR NURSERY RHYMES.

Three poor Germs! See how they run!
They all run away from the field of strife,
Lest Tommy should come with his carving knife—
Each one is having the time of his life,
Three poor Germs!

Little Boy Bulow, come blow the gaff,
The Plan's all smashed of your *Kriegspiel* Staff;
The tales you tell are a little too steep,
Put the lid on your Press and send it to sleep!

Little Boy Bulow, come tell your Sire,
His scheme's in the soup, the fat's in the fire,
The foe's in the field to worry his sheep,
Oh, shut him in Potsdam and put him to sleep!

PROFITABLE ART WORK IN WAR TIME.

LEARNING AND EARNING BY POST.

The average artist is in a bad way. Picture-painting in normal times as a means of livelihood is precarious enough; to-day it scarcely pays for the materials. Fortunately, however, those with a taste for drawing and who know how to work for reproduction have no cause to complain.

German and Austrian printing no longer floods the British markets. The field is now open for Artistic Advertisement Designs—"Made in Britain."

Last year our enemy's exports brought her £500,000,000. To-day that enormous trade is at our disposal.

Our increasing commercial activity means good money for those who can illustrate advertisements.

Goods *must* be advertised; new Posters, Showcards, Booklets and Advertisements *must* be designed and printed. New designs to suit new conditions and markets mean golden opportunities for trained black-and-white artists.

Advertising pays, or the most prosperous firms in England would not lavish thousands of pounds weekly upon publicity. Shrewd business men don't spend fortunes year after year on advertising unless it pays them handsomely to do so.

DEMAND FOR BLACK-AND-WHITE WORK.

Advertisements that yield best results are those which are illustrated. Illustrating them is a lucrative profession or spare-time occupation.

The demand for effective black-and-white illustrations exceeds the supply; there are numbers of artists, but not enough men and women of artistic abilities who have been trained to do the kind of work that's wanted.

The demands of Advertisers, Printers and Publishers for attractive, yet simple drawings increase daily.

The qualifications for success are a taste for Drawing, Common-sense, and Training.

The Practical Correspondence College, 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., an all-British Institution by the way, teaches commercially applied art by post.

Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, late Art Editor of *Nash's Magazine*, and creator of "The Dawson Girl," is responsible for the success of each pupil. His work is reproduced in the foremost magazines of England and America, and he has helped more beginners to earn money by Art than any other man. His knowledge and experience and all the time and disappointment-saving devices of the profession, are systematised in a series of interesting and practical lessons. The instruction begins just where any previous Art training left off, and continues—*until proficient*. The lessons are superbly illustrated, exercises are set expounding the various branches of money-earning Art. They are criticised by Mr. Dawson, whose long letters of advice are alone worth the nominal fee for the course of training.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The following Editorial comment from JOHN BULL speaks for itself—and the Integrity and Efficiency of the P.C.C.:—

"The P.C.C. is all British in its personnel and methods; no student is accepted, nor are fees received from anyone who does not give proof of his aptitude for the subject in which he seeks training. The Instructors—each a well-known exponent of his subject—are responsible to the College for the success of their students, and have no interest in enrolling anyone with doubtful prospects, as the Institution wisely stipulates that students shall be taught *till proficient*. Any reader desirous of improving his or her present position should write for particulars."

The College has, for the present, no intention of raising its fees. On the contrary, "War-Time Terms" are arranged, payable in small monthly instalments, so that men and women with a taste for drawing can have an opportunity to increase their efficiency and become of greater value to the nation—and themselves.

Further, it gives twelve months' Free Accident Insurance; £1,000 at death, or £1 weekly for Disablement or Blindness.

Send, with a stamped and self-directed envelope, a small specimen of your work in pen or pencil for *gratis* criticism and particulars of this new and lucrative profession. It costs nothing, and you risk nothing by writing for particulars of the Course that, *by post*, has helped so many to earn a comfortable living. [*Advt.*

No Profit to the King's Enemies.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Letter to the Trade.

Telegraphic Address :
"Sloanesque. London."
Telephone : 8973 Gerrard.

Koh-i-noor House,
Kingsway, London, W.C.
November 14th, 1914.

Dear Sirs,

I am sorry that Messrs. Thomas De La Rue & Co., Ltd., should have thought it consistent with their dignity or sense of fairness to enter upon what they call an "Advertising Campaign" of such a kind. I gratefully acknowledge the numberless communications I have received from the Trade stating for the most part their contempt for such procedure.

The advertisement and circular Messrs. De La Rue have issued indicate that the profit made by the sale of the Waterman Pens goes into the pockets of Alien Enemies. They know that the pen is manufactured by the L. E. Waterman Company, an American concern. It is the Waterman Company who receive the profit, except such as results from the discount or allowance made to their Sole Agents here, L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd. This is a well-known Company incorporated according to the law of this Country in which I myself am largely interested, and whose employees are all British, numbering about one hundred, many of whom are now fighting for their Country. Moreover, whilst the Hardtmuth family, Austrian subjects, are interested as shareholders, not a penny piece has been paid to them since the war or will be paid to them in respect of dividends or otherwise until Austria and ourselves are at Peace. How, therefore, is it true to say that "every Pen sold means profit to the King's enemies"?

The Trade are the best judges as to whether "the Onoto pens are the best fountain pens in the World" and whether they can in any way compete with the Waterman Pen, and can decide whether Messrs. De La Rue's advertisement states what they think to be true in this respect.

The rights of the L. E. Waterman Co. cannot be permitted to be thus interfered with, and to avoid all such question the existing contract between them and L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd., has been cancelled. The Board of the L. E. Waterman Co. having appointed me their Sole Agent, I have arranged to take over their agency, and I shall henceforth carry it on in my own name and on my own behalf. The two pens will thus go on the market upon their respective merits without the unfair competition which it has been sought to excite. We shall then see whether the enormous preponderance of sales which the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen has hitherto enjoyed will not be maintained with ever-increasing popularity.

Feeling confident of your support,

I am, Yours faithfully,

(Signed) L. G. SLOAN.

JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

MR. CHARLES TREVELYAN, M.P.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"Absurd! Let me pass! You know very well who I am."

"I know my duty. The countersign?"

"Oh, *Civis Britannicus sum*, or some such clap-trap. Now, let me get on."

"Halt! You know the countersign, but you are under suspicion."

"Under suspicion! I? Why, man, I am a Member of the House of Commons!"

"I know—for the Elland Division of Yorkshire. Nevertheless, it is as I say."

"But I am an ex-Member of the Government!"

"Yes; formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. That only makes matters worse."

"How so? Speak out, sir! Don't talk in riddles."

"This is no riddle, but it's a bit of a problem to know what to do with you. You are associating yourself in a certain movement with Ramsay Macdonald and other persons of notoriously pro-German sympathies."

"You refer to ——?"

"I refer to 'The Union of Democratic Control,' to whose published manifestoes you are a signatory."

"What of it?"

"The movement is patently unpatriotic. Its purpose is to hamper and oppose the Government in its determination to inflict just retribution upon Germany, and exact from her adequate compensation for the horrors and miseries she has inflicted upon Europe in her insane lust for World Power."

"I am opposed to the humiliation of Germany."

"Your hope is to snatch the fruits of victory from the hands of Britain and her Allies, and render her and their sacrifices of blood and treasure nought. You left the Government as a protest against the declaration of war?"

"I did—on principle."

"Those who are not for Britain are against her. Do your principles permit you to give encouragement to your country's enemies?"

"I take a larger view. I work for humanity."

"Are not the British included in humanity?"

"Of course. What an absurd question!"

"Then why do you seek to injure that section of humanity to which you belong, to the advantage of that section's sworn and bitter enemies?"

"Show me that I have done so."

"Have you not read the *Vossische Zeitung's* comments upon your movement? Do they not say, after mentioning you by name, that 'Men of political weight have joined together to oppose the demands of their own Government, *which strikes at the heart of the present political system of England*'?"

"I am not responsible for what the *Vossische Zeitung* says."

"You are responsible for the effect your actions produce in Germany. The encouragement you give our enemies is calculated to prolong the war. Those who by word or deed prolong the war are consequently responsible for the added bloodshed incurred thereby, and the curse of weeping widows and fatherless children should fall heavily upon them."

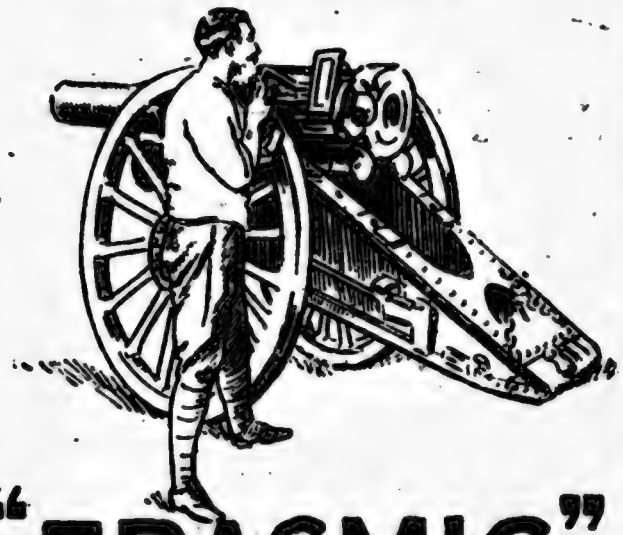
"Our views differ."

"I am voicing the views of all patriotic British subjects, in whom are included the vast majority of your constituents in Yorkshire. Are you prepared to face their righteous anger at the course you are taking? Will you dare to face the electors of the Elland Division when the next contest comes round? If they elect you again they will deserve the representative they will get, for they will brand themselves traitors to their country's cause."

"Let me pass, if you have finished."

"I cannot—in our common country's interests. It is painful to me to have to take this course. Your antecedents and upbringing should have marked you out for an honourable and patriotic career. Instead, I find you consorting with quasi traitors. I must call the guard. When in confinement, you can amuse yourself with your Teutonic recreation—'Kriegspiel.' Guard, arrest this man! By the right—quick—MARCH!"

BRITISH AND BEST.



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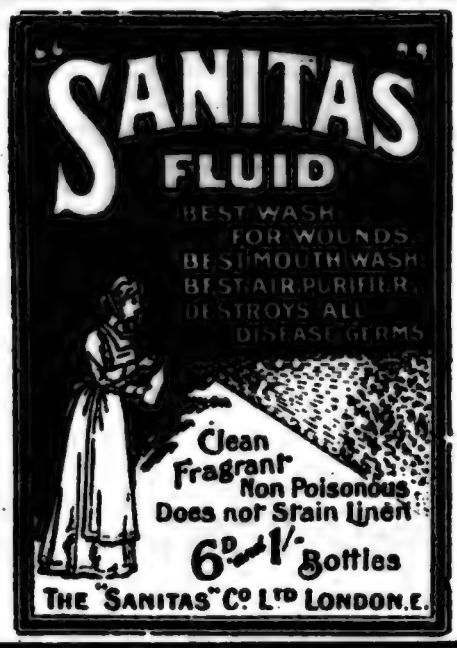
SHAVING STICK
is appreciated by the army at the front as well as at home.
BEWARE OF FOREIGN IMITATIONS.
In Nickel Case 10d
"ERASMIC" Perfumers WARRINGTON.



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L12

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A HOME CURE BY NATURE'S REMEDY.

Don't waste your time trying to cure a chronic ailment by doping your system with stimulants and poisons. Such complaints as nervous debility, lack of vigour, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, and stomach, kidney, liver and bladder troubles are due to a weakened condition of the nerves and vital organs. Your body needs new strength and vitality, and that is what you must have before you can get well. Taking drugs into the stomach won't help you. You know that if you've tried them. They really leave you in a worse state than ever.

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Choose your covering from our samples (sent free), and then send 2/6 only with your order. We send the Chair without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales for your approval, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at *our expense* and we will refund your money in full

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LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

PRIVATE RICHARDSON, OF THE 17th LANCERS.

It's a simple sort of a story,
The tale of a lone man s deed;
But it's proof once more, if it s wanted,
Of the grit in the British breed:
He was only a private soldier
And, never a comrade at hand,
With a regiment of foemen around him,
He stood proud for his native land.

He'd walked in advance of his fellows,
Out scouting and thinking no harm,
The country looked nothing but peaceful,
No sign to cause any alarm;
Round a bend in the road he had vanished,
A happy-go-lucky young chap,
And before you could say "knife" he tumbled
Bang into an enemy's trap.

There were scores of the Germans upon him,
It wasn't much good to show fight;
There were hundreds more in the bushes
Tucked clean away out of sight;
They fell on him quick and disarmed him,
There was rage and despair on his brow;
One moment ago free and careless—
An impotent prisoner now.

They taunted the private, reviled him
As English, and one of the scum!
It's hard for a soldier to hear it,
To shut his lips tight and keep mum.
But he just cursed himself for a stupid;
In his eyes was a dangerous gleam,
Till an officer came up proposing
What seemed like an innocent scheme.

"You are free," said the German, "go scathless;
Return on the very same track;
We've disarmed you, you haven t a weapon,
But safe to your comrades go back:
Only this take heed to remember—
Give no single sign we are nigh,
Walk carelessly back like a free man;
If you dare give a hint, then you die!"

The private with joy was so staggered,
He thought such good luck couldn t be,
But they fell to the roadside and left him
Alone and unguarded and free;
Astonished, dazed like a man drunken,
A crazy plaything of the fates,
Puzzling out not the why and the wherefore,
He started to walk to his mates.

Not three yards had he walked when he halted;
They ordered him "Forward!" again,
But he stood plumb there in the roadway,
For the truth had bit into his brain;
He saw in a flash what the game was,
He saw, with a catch in his breath,
That his troop, while he stood there in safety,
Would come riding on to their death.

"If you make half a sign," cried the German,
"Then we cut you down where you stand;
March forward and live! Life is pleasant!
But speak not and don't wave a hand."
O God! Life is sweet and 'tis precious—
In the shadow of death doubly dear—
But the private threw both his arms upward
And screamed "Back!—the Germans are here!"

His comrades were saved from destruction—
With pride for an instant he thrilled,
Then foul frenzy fell on him in vengeance,
And with his own blade he was killed;
He died, in his honour refusing
To act as the foeman s decoy,
But the moment of death for that private
Was one of ineffable joy!

RICARDO.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS need Handkerchiefs!

Give them

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

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Be sure you get EXCELDA.

Hall's Wine gives Strength

THOUSANDS of doctors and tens of thousands of the public have already realised that Hall's Wine is the greatest strength-giver we have. What is more, Hall's Wine gives strength *quickly*, and gives strength to *last*. Try it!

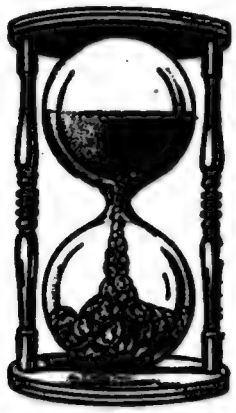
Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

FREE To Officers & Men invalided home

To help recovery of our stricken defenders the Proprietors of Hall's Wine have decided to send a full-sized 3/6 bottle of Hall's Wine to every soldier and every sailor invalided home. Send name address, and rank to Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London E.

TURN YOUR TIME



INTO MONEY

TIME is a wonderful thing. It is quite likely that the deciding factor in the European War will be Time The Allies can afford to wait, the Enemy cannot.

And Time is valuable to YOU. It has a definite money value if used rightly. No one can rob you of it, but once wasted it is lost for ever.

You can turn your spare time into gold. If you are unable to enlist, the International Correspondence Schools will show you how.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Are you altogether satisfied with your present position and present earnings? Or are you ambitious to increase your earnings to a point which will bring you an assurance of Security for your future?

It is a matter of duty as well as self-interest to grasp the opportunity to train yourself for more responsible work. For after the War there will be a great trade boom in this country, and we shall want all the trained men we can get to help to hold securely all the trade which was hitherto Germany's.

Every day we are in receipt of requests from employers of labour who wish to be supplied with I.C.S. trained men to fill well-paid jobs. Why? Simply because leading employers in every centre of industry throughout the country already have many I.C.S. students in their employ, and have found that I.C.S. men are the best men. This is a good and sufficient reason, isn't it?

Why not drop a postcard for full particulars and proofs of the thoroughly practical and *profitable* nature of the I.C.S. Training, including a free copy of the I.C.S. Booklet on the work in which you are interested? It costs you nothing. Mention the branch of work you are in or want to be in.

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Please send me free copy of the I.C.S. Booklet, explaining how I can gain, in my spare time, a sound, practical and up-to-date training in the subject before which I have marked X, and so qualify for a Secure Position and Good Pay.

(There are over 200 Courses to choose from. Please state which branch of the subject you are interested in.)

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Branch .....

Present Occupation .....

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IN TIME OF WAR
PREPARE FOR PEACE

PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T THINK SO.

If you buy a packet of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, open and put it on a plate, you will be struck, no doubt, by the clean and careful way in which it is packed. You taste it—the flavour is delicious and tempts your appetite. You decide that it is a dainty cheese and one which you will have on your table regularly.

But St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is much more than this. It is a nourishing food and an important health-giving food. The special cultures (Bacillus Bulgaricus) which it contains in enormous quantities eliminate the harmful poisons which other foods create in the system, and by eating it regularly you are assured of improved health.

You eat food every day. You absorb large numbers of harmful germs every day—eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese every day and you have a permanent safeguard.

The war has not affected the supply or price. Stocked by the leading grocers and dairymen at 6½d. each.

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are the finest examples of popular-priced Overcoat Perfection on offer. These handsome and stylish garments are made in an exceedingly comprehensive range of thoroughly fashionable and reliable materials of medium weight, and are cut, designed and tailored in West-end Style.

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Dreadnought' Overcoat (Double Breasted or Single Breasted as ordered), exactly to measure, carriage paid to all approved orders for 5/- Now. Balance payable in monthly payments of 5/- (5 for single breasted style, 6 for double breasted) if you are entirely satisfied with Style, Fit, Quality and Value of the Coat after you have tried it on in your home. Money instantly refunded in full if you are in any way disappointed.

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In your own interests send a Post Card to-day for our unequalled range of Patterns cut from the actual Cloth lengths now being made up into 'Dreadnought' Coats. All the most popular and stylish Cloths are included, and you have a splendid assortment of shades and designs to choose from.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from new papers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

"THE KING AND THE KAISER."—We have to thank many readers for letters and telegrams of appreciation in reference to our recent article under this heading; and the same remark applies to our verses—"Why is the Red Blood Flowing?"

"BANDSMAN" (Welsh Regiment).—Glad to hear you are through alive, and sorry you are wounded. But for Anno Domini, we should probably have been somewhere about when you and your comrades raffled for the weekly JOHN BULL in the trenches.

"A BRITISH SUCCESS" (Sutton).—The arrangements in connection with our proposed Jumble Sale are not yet quite complete. We hope all our readers, however, are getting their gifts ready.

K. M. F. (Bridlington) says: "Surely the Government will exclude married men if conscription must come." We do not anticipate that "if."

J. S. (Wandsworth Road) forwards a card from his brother, a gunner with the Expeditionary Force, asking him to send every week a copy of this journal, as "there are some nice pieces in it." None of our boys at the front will be happy till he gets it!

A. H. (Leicester).—We have no special information regarding the gentleman inquired about, but hope you may take it that—as he is an official in a Government Department—despite his name, he is of British birth. Your postal order for a shilling has been passed on to our War Fund.

R. G. (Birmingham) suggests "a society or company for the consideration of ideas of benefit to the country in the present crisis." This is the 226,041st idea for the benefit of the country received at our office.

"MARRIED AND FORTY" (Fulham).—In our opinion, it is the methods of the Government Departments which have rotted the recruiting.

"SUFFERERS' FRIEND" (London, E.).—We cannot test the facts, but any firm taking advantage of the War to sweat down their employees' wages without cause is acting shamefully.

J. A. (Gorton).—The object of our "Food Before Rent" article was to protect in their shelter those rendered temporarily destitute by the War. That was also the object of the application of the Moratorium to them.

"JUSTICE" (Bo ness) asks: "How is it that we have a German here in Bo'ness allowed to run at large?" He should address his inquiry to Mr. Provost Grant.

"WESTMORLAND GAZETTE" (Kendal).—You can't get out of it that way, dear *con'rère*. Good wishes, nevertheless.

J. M. (Hanwell).—No German waiters should be allowed on our railway restaurant cars; and if, as you say, there is still one employed on long distance journeys on one of the principal lines, the directors, as well as the contractors, should be held guilty, and suitably punished.

G. H. G. (Yoxford).—We don't suppose the dye will permanently injure your wife's hair, although the weird colour it produced must have given her a nasty jar. But legal action for damages on that account might result in another. Why not have been content with honourable grey hairs? Like the hero, they die but once; whereas the cowardly hair that sails under false colours dyes many times.

"HARD-UP" (Walworth).—Our article last week in regard to the National Penny Bank will have answered your inquiry. Your postal order for a shilling has been added to our War Fund, in the absence of necessary particulars for its return.

W. H. B. (Wexford).—We are not expert in the matter of aeroplane armament. Why not send your suggestion to the War Office?

"BRITON" (Sydenham) begins: "That blasphemous and brutal barbarian, the bloody butcher of Berlin, with blatant bombast breathes out belligerent bellowings," etc., etc. We read no more that day.

C. H. (Firth of Forth).—We think all British ships should be manned by British crews. That should be part of the price paid for the privilege of registering a ship under the British flag.

"SOLDIER AND MAN" (Halifax) "quite agrees" with us that there has been "too much confiddle-essentialism, party policy band, the strands of which are kinked considerably." There, now!

MRS. B. (Vicarage).—Sorry, but we are inundated with verses about the war. Wars, funerals, weddings, and christenings seem to rouse all the poets in the land.

F. J. S (Earlsfield) sends us a letter from a friend, a Sergeant in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, at present in the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle, suffering from a wound. We hope, with him, that the bullet "will come out as easy as it went in." A letter from the gallant fellow was published in a contemporary, in respect of which 3s. 6d. has been received—which he has requested our correspondent to send to some worthy charity. We are glad to say our War Fund has been selected.

F. C. T. (Crowboro').—Many thanks to you as Hon. Sec., and all the members of the Hollydene Cricket Club (Hackney), for drinking our health at your concert before mobilisation. May you all be able to "do it again" when the war is over.

"ONE OF THEM" (Hull) asks if it is true that "The Corporation of Hull Will Not allow any P.C. to volytier for the Front unless he Resines the Force"? For the honour of Hull, we hope not.

W. R. R. (Mansfield).—We think their attempted inquisition regarding the standing of respectable private firms in this country is gratuitous impertinence on the part of The Bradstreet Company, late "INSTITUTE W SCHIMMELPFENG," of 14, Park Row, Leeds. Their methods are the objectionable methods of the Yankee commercial inquiry agency, and their late title should raise the gorge of any patriotic Britisher.

A. H. B. (Birmingham).—If you care to come out into the open with your scurrilous innuendo respecting the distribution of our "Bullets" prizes, instead of skulking in cowardly anonymity, we will know how to deal with you.

MRS. G. A. (Leicester).—We note that you "think those people who are relatives of those at the front are better off than those who are short of work" And why not? Are not they entitled to some compensation for the risk they run of losing their nearest and dearest altogether, or having him brought home maimed for life? The dependents of the gallant saviours of the British Empire cannot be treated too well, in our opinion.

A. W. (Cambridge).—We have done what we could to facilitate the marriage of soldiers called to the front when we have been appealed to, and we shall certainly exert all the influence we possess to prevent any stigma resting upon the children of unmarried mothers whose sweethearts, before their babes arrive, will have fallen on the field of battle for Britain's sake.

"AN ULSTERMAN" suggests sending some refugee Belgian children to the States, to frustrate the superhuman efforts the Germans out there are making to win the sympathy of the American people. If the Yankees haven't enough gumption to see the Allies are in the right, their moral support would not be worth two penn'orth o' gin to us.

T. V. (Witheridge).—In the circumstances, we see no reason why you should not carry out your original intention of going to Queensland. What are the odds? If the Germans have us here, it is a sure thing they will also have you there.

C. M. (High Holborn, W.C.).—Taking your circumstances into consideration, we should say you are under no moral obligation to enlist—yet awhile, at any rate.

"ANTI-CANT" (Manchester).—Your sentiment, "With all my soul I cry 'D—— the naturalisation. It is a fraud and a sham,'" is hereby noted.

P. E. (London).—"The German War Lord has gone to his doom, Gone to his doom in a chariot, He's sitting in state On an awful hot plate, 'Twixt Pilate and Judas Iscariot." The news is inaccurate, dear lady, but the anticipation is justified.

F. B. (Atherstone).—Cartoon of the Kaiser, with the inscription, "This Bill must be settled," not quite suitable.

£250 for two or three words. See "Bullets" Great Prize Offer on page 28.

H. B. (Wrexham), "as a long and ardent admirer" of our ideas, forwards us "a scheme by which our Navy may be able to get their own back." Thanks. They have already done so but we will carefully consider it when we command the Navy.

"INCIERTO."—Can quite understand your anxiety to hear from your husband in Buenos Ayres. Why not put a small advertisement in the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, or some other paper where he is likely to see it? Your postal order for a shilling has been placed to our War Fund, as you give no address for its return.

"AJAX."—We do not find your card with your letter. We have already, however, expressed a strong opinion of the "ill-gotten gains" of the War Novelties Co., of Aldgate, in reference to their disreputable exploitation of the Belgian refugees.

"SEASON" (Catford).—In a fog we prefer 7 miles in 101 minutes to 101 miles in 7 minutes.

J. R. T. (St. Anne's).—You will note that Germans in this country are now being rounded up and taken care of

J. W. & Co. (E.C.).—If, as he states, he has been a naturalised Englishman for 25 years, he is British, and you must pay him.

C. M. (Ipswich).—Yes, Mr. Eustace Miles is quite serious in stating "The War will soon cause distress to the poor; let those who can save the peelings of potatoes, carrots, apples, etc. . . and distribute to the needy."

S. C. (Hull) is a small shareholder and continual reader of our "valuable paper," and he agrees with everything we write. So do we.

B. D. (Aberdeen).—We note that you paid £1 1s. to a Professor Murrayne for a "Course in Hypnotism." All we have to remark is that you must have been mesmerised at the time.

A. C. (Sutton) wants to know how to trace her lost brother. She assumes that he has enlisted in the Army. Presuming that he has enlisted under his proper name, her best way would be to make inquiries at the War Office. The shilling postal order she enclosed has been handed to our War Sufferers' Fund.

S. S. (Thornton Heath).—The touts of the People's Accident Legal Aid Society, 190, Fleet Street, E.C. (Potter Pooley, Sec.), are a pernicious and impudent lot. The one who called on you ought to be hauled up for false pretences.

J. S. B. (Hull).—Over and over again we warned readers against the British Clothing Club, and well the head of that disreputable imposition knows it.

E. J. W. (Holloway, N.).—We see no reason to get excited because the latter half of General Joffre's name forms the front half of French's. We daresay similar coincidences could be found by the hundred. "Kultur" and Turkey provide a case in point.

"SECRETARY" (Sunderland).—We have no information as yet to give you concerning Mr. C. Leach, 130, Burton Road, Derby, "Founder and Copyright Owner" of the Excelsior Permanent Mutual Thrift Society (Copyright System), but have made a note of the fact that he was recently advertising for Secretaries who were required to provide proof of their "Excelsior Permanent Mutual Thrift" by depositing £50 with him.

Mr. N. LANE MATTHEWS, of Quintinha Almeida, Funchal, Madeira, wishes it to be made known that he is in no way connected with the Edgar Lane Matthews mentioned in a paragraph headed "What's Watson?" in our issue of 3rd October. We congratulate him.

"DODGSON" (Town Hall).—"Why does not a country pay off its National Debt?" Why doesn't Jack Robinson pay his tailor's bill?

G. S., who left the Rhondda Valley in 1897 for the United States, being last heard of at Riverside City, California, in 1912, is asked to communicate with his daughter Olive.

"GENRICH" (Shifnal).—You should complain to the shipping company if you think you were imposed upon about the berth accommodation. We are not conversant with all the circumstances. For compliments, thanks.

A. G. A. (W.C.).—Not interested in *anybody's* bust developer. We would rather bear the bust we have than fly to others that we wot not of.

VERA D. (Glasgow).—Pay no heed to the "Puzzle King," but rely on your own efforts. Always preserve the high sense of honour which led you to write us, and get well as quickly as you can, dear child.

G. E. P. (Gloucester).—We exposed Horrocks, the Brighton hair-combings merchant, in our issue of October 10th. At the same time, you did a useful work in drawing the attention of the Chief Constable of Brighton to him.

MRS. R. (Tooting).—The Post Office Savings Bank is as safe as—England.

M. (Frome).—We note that, according to your Christ Church Parish Magazine, Mr. Sheppard was presented, on September 21st, with "a silver pin, with a beautifully-wrought bag to carry it in." His friends were evidently aware of Mr. Sheppard's love of winkles.

T. M. (Bradford).—Thanks for your congratulations. At the same time, we cannot agree that "99 per cent. of the bloodshed and misery caused by war" may be laid at the door of the monarchical system. History teaches us that so-called religion has been responsible for the bulk of the world's strife.

"NORWEGIAN" (Cardiff) points out that the name of the German major who ordered the burning of Louvain, Mantouffe, means man-devil The teufiel it does!

W. L. (Shepherd's Bush).—Although so many Crimean veterans have been permitted to end their days in the workhouse, the Crimean Veterans' Fund must still be in existence, for we know of a Colonel who regularly receives grants from it.

A. K (Brighton).—It is amusing to note that the same day that the Brighton Town Council altered the name of a street which formerly bore a Teutonic appellation, Councillor Heitzman was unanimously elected a member of the Brighton Intercepting and Outfall Sewers Board. Ha-ha!

R. D. (Colgate).—You are probably right in your surmise that the Kaiser refrained from threatening to arm the swine, as well as every cat and dog, for the reason that the German swine are armed already.

T. F. (Preston).—When we wrote of Britain's destiny being "written on the skies for all mankind to read," we were not speaking astrologically, but indulging in a pardonable flight of rhetoric. Excuse us.

J. E. D. H. M. and TWO OTHERS (Barming Heath) ask us to "be a man, John Bull!" take off our coat, and get to work to get a thorough overhauling of the Lunacy System. Certainly; but one thing at a time, please. We have to "thoroughly overhaul" that Berlin lunatic first.

A. J. A. (Uitenhage, S.A.).—"To settle an argument, which is the second greatest naval power of the World?" Germany was—though, by one of his usual mistakes, the notorious Bernhardi attributed that position to the United States.

"ANXIOUS DAVID" (Trowbridge).—(1) "Would you advise me to take an 8 weeks' course of 'Physio-Medicalism' at a cost of £1 1s.?" We would not. (2) "Do you think B. Copson Garrett, of The Magnetaire' Rooms, Finsbury Square, E.C., is genuine?" We are not favourably impressed by this gentleman and his quack medical appliance.

F. W. McC. (London, N.W.).—For the furniture firm to repudiate their own receipted account strikes us as the height of impudence. They must have imbibed some German "kultur," and looked upon it as "a scrap of paper."

D. W. (Croydon).—Obviously, the best place to obtain information how to patent an article would be the Patent Office, unless you cared to employ a respectable patent agent.

G. O W (Church Stretton).—As the military authorities decline the offer of your engineering knowledge and experience, all we can suggest is that you join the National Reserve. You could then *try to feel* that you were doing something, anyway.

P. C. (Brighton).—You have merely been treated to the newest form of the Spanish Prisoner trick. In his latest guise the old convict appears to be economising in paper and ink, and makes no mention of his chee-ild as of old.

F. W. D. (Worcester).—We should have thought there would be ample room for yourself, your wife, and five children, in a six-roomed house, and think it shabby on the part of your landlord to give you notice. But, not having seen your children, nor your wife, we don't know the size of them.

R. J. W. (Olton).—We cannot advise you to have dealings with the bioscope school you refer to.

B. H. J. (Login, S.O.).—Our "candid opinion" of Spiritualism is that it is 75 per cent. bunkum. Still, we are free to confess there are more things in heaven and earth than the greatest philosophers wot of. But that "audible communication" between the dead and the living is one of them we take leave to doubt.

"ONE OF THE STAFF" (Paddington).—How can we test your statements if you do not trust us with your name?

"FAIRFAX" (E.C.).—"Is Baron de Mumm, the proprietor of G. H. Mumm champagne, of which we are immense consumers, a captain in the Uhlans and now fighting against us in France?" We do not think there is now any member of the family connected with the business. Besides, Mumm is a French name.

A. W. (Blackpool).—If the local firm paid off one of its employees, without notice, on the 8th August, on account of the war, we should like to know how it reconciles that action with its statement in the press to the effect that it "does not purpose discharging a single member of the staff."

Note the Title and *Order Now*—"John Bull" *Xmas Number*, 2d. Ready shortly.

TALKS WITH A TEUTON.

AFTERWARDS?

"Well, my friend the enemy, how will it end?"

"Ach! Der Priddish und der Allies veel vin—I 'ope. Yah!"

"You *hope!* Come, you can't make me believe your sympathies are British."

"I do nod veesh. Dey are nod. I am a goot Sherman; und dot is vy I say I 'ope der Priddish veel vin. Idt vos goot for mein gountry. Yah!"

"What's this—a new sort of German logic?"

"I do not know aboud *dot*, bud idt is mein. I liff 'ere now den year, und I see der difference between vot you call demogratic und autogratic governmend. I see der difference petween liberdy und der bureaugracy of mein goundry. I see der difference petween der gonscript und der volontaire army—der different *sbirit*. Und I say I 'ope der Priddish veel vin. Yah!"

"But why should all that make you wish for the defeat of your own country?"

"So dot Shermany may rise again, yah, like der Phœnix, vrom der ashes, und mit a new sysdem off governmend begome a beaceful bud more bowerful nation dan effer pefore. Kaiserism I *'ate!* I am a goot Sherman, but I 'ate der Kaiser. I lofe mein goundry, bud I 'ate der militarism dot 'as broughd idt to ruin—*vor a leedle while.*"

"Then you think ermany will soon recover from the catastrophe of this war?"

"Vhy nod? oog adt France—did she nod regover vrom der var off '70? Is she nod sdronger in sbirit? Is she nod more liberal in 'er ideas? Ver vell. Ve are a more bopulous beople dan France. Ve ar more sdrenuous, more enderbrising in pisness. S all ve nod also rise again? —*vhen ve haf got rid off der Kaiser?* Yah!"

"When you have got rid of the Kaiser? What does that mean—revolution?"

"Yah! Der Kaiser 'as ruin mein goundry. After der var ve vill 'aff no more Kaiser. Ve vill aff a revolution, like der French. You s all see. Ve s all aff a rebublic. Ve s'all a gonstitutional governmend 'aff. Yah!"

"But if the Germans thought like that of the Kaiser, why on earth did they support him in the war?"

"Pecause dey did no! know. Dey dink 'e victorious vould pe, yah. Und dot Shermany vould grow greader und greader ass a Vorld Bower. Bud dey vill know soon dot vot dey 'aff von in beace dey 'aff lost in var. Ve 'ad gaptured der drade off der vorld. Ve 'ad zome goot golonies for der yong men to go to if dey veesh. All are gone! Drough der Kaiser—*der Schwinehund!* Zo, afder der var, ve möag a rebublic, or ve resdore der leedle Sherman gingdoms, und ve stardt again, more sdrong pecause ve s all nod vaste our moneys on armies und vleets off Treadnoughts."

"So you would be content to leave the command of the seas to the British?"

"Vhy nod? I live 'ere den year, und I know der Priddish to mäag var do nod veesh. Ve s'all m ag use off your vleet to brodect our sheeps off gommerce, hein? Idt vill safe us egsbence. Und ve s'all mäag use off your margets, und peat you in gombetition lige ve did pefore der var."

"But suppose we leave you neither ports nor ships. What then?"

"Bud you vill nod do dot. You are too—vot is der vord?—too magnanimous. You are a gread beo le You only veesh to 'grush der Kaiser und der Sherman Army und Vleet. You vill leaf us zome leedle ports vor our sheeps, vill you nod?"

"I'm not so sure. It might not be safe. The Allies have to be consulted."

"Bud idt vill nod pe goot vor you to crush Shermany altogedder. She is a goot gustomer off Bridain, und she vill pe so again."

"So have we been good customers to Germany—and this is the return!"

"Idt is der Kaiser, nod der goot Shermans."

"Well, we will wait and see what you will do with the Kaiser."

"Yah! *Vaid und see!*"

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—

"At TEN PAST FIVE in the morning the east battery at Tahtungching was occupied at TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO SIX."

"VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE" (advertisement):—

"A very sightly piece of furniture for your living room, which can be transformed IN A FEW MONTHS into a full size bed."

"DUBLIN EVENING TELEGRAPH":—

"A Lloyd's Redcar message says:—The Swedish steamer *R. F. Berg*, which stranded on Redcar Rock, was RE-FLOATED LAST NIGHT at the Railway Clearing House, London, to-day."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—

"————— —————, late of ————, who DIED May 18th, 1914, SHOULD APPLY TO——"

"THE PEOPLE":—

"He opened the door and found DECEASED stretched at full length on the floor with blood issuing from his head and a revolver at his side. HE WAS IN THE BEST OF HEALTH AND WAS QUITE CHEERFUL."

"WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE":—

"Friday and Saturday last 1,100 PEASANTS fell to six guns on the Dale Park estate."

WEST HALLAM PARISH MAGAZINE:—

"The special music was splendidly rendered by the CHAIR in spite of its being weakened by the absence of some of the members owing to the war and sickness."

"THE STAR":—

"The bombardment of the forts was opened by the Anglo-Japanese squadrons on SEPTEMBER 26th and has therefore lasted TWO AND A HALF MONTHS."

"THE CONTRACT JOURNAL":—

"For erection of TWO PADDED ROOMS at the Woolwich Union Infirmary, High Street, Plumstead, FOR THE GUARDIANS."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Aren't the Berlin papers publishing "whacking" lies?

Hasn't Turkey been properly "stuffed" by Germany?

Are the Special Correspondents having an "easy" time of it?

Hasn't our Navy already accomplished a "sweeping" victory?

Isn't the lavish distribution of Iron Crosses a decided "give away"?

Won't the Kaiser find it difficult to replace that "bit of China"?

Is "Business Only" to be the Parliamentary motto this session?

Aren't the Germans adepts at "making the most" of their successes?

Does raising a Camel Corps show that the Turks are getting the "hump"?

Do you know that Christmas turkeys may be had for sixpence each? See page 28.

How can the Prussians be short of ammunition when we are supplying them daily?

Doesn't the Kaiser realise that the "contemptible" British Army "takes a lot of beating"?

Isn't "Stonewalling the Germans" rather apt, seeing that our men are behaving like "bricks"?

* * *

The Government is said to have ordered 10,000 miles of khaki. That should go a long way.

* * *

"The trade of 'fish-friers' is a bottom-dog trade," we read. Yet there should be plenty of "fat" in it.

* * *

The Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames says that shoulder to shoulder in double rank the German Army would extend for 1,100 miles. Possibly, but "a little British Army goes a d——d long way," too.

Our Zeppelin Insurance is absolutely *Free*. Simply Sign the Coupon.

FOOTBALL CONTEST.—FINAL COUPON.

No Fees

£1,000

For

ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£125 MUST BE WON.

It is your last opportunity this week of sharing in the present great Football prize offer. The final coupon is given on Page 2 of cover. Send as many entries as you like, but do it *now*. The huge sum of £1,000 will be paid for an all-correct coupon, whilst, as will be seen below, in any event £125 must be won—including an extra £25 for the best forecast on a *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupon. No goals are required and there are no fees. Scottish readers may enter.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, November 28th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, November 20th.

Address "John Bull," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 7."

The closing date is Friday, November 27th.

SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW. FINAL COUPON THIS WEEK.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I would like to know if you have got anyone on your list that requiring a working housekeeper a respectable working man I would rather have one who could appreciate a good woman in return for her labour for his home and himself I am a life abstainer my self but do not mind anyone else having a drink so long as they will see I have a little comfort and pleasure in return for my labour for them."

"I am sorry for troubling you but can I please ask you to write a letter for me. Some few weeks ago I hand-knitted a pair of socks for the ..all-porter for 2s., and now he is too mean to pay every time he sees me he slinks out of the way but I and out now that I am not the only one that he owes money to and he knows that I cannot kick up a row with him about it then it would be taken away from me but if you will kindly drop him a line and tell him that if he does not pay me you will give him a shewing up in JOHN BULL. I should be extremely iobged to you."

"Dare Sir or Mr. Joh Bull or Messrs. Odhams Limited. 93-94 Long Acre London W.C. or Mr. —— —— a Co-Successors to —— —— & Co stock and share Dealers. Please and oblige me by send me the page 1 British funds Consols 2½% Red 5/4/.923 or after L573, 739, 142 year, 1895 Hgst 108¼ Lwst 103¼ 1896 113⅞ 105¼ 1897 113⅞ 1898 113¼ 106¾ 1899 111½ 97⅞ 1900 103¼ 96¼ 1901 93¼ 91 1902 98 92¼ 1903 93⅞ 86¾ 1904 91⅛ 85 1905 91⅛ 87⅛ 1906 91¼ 85⅛ 1907 87⅞ 80¼ 1908 83⅞ 83¼ 1909 85 82⅞ and oblige Mr. Sir Robert —— Esq. —— Street and if anybody wants to know your fares and mines also tell them to believe the hangman rop and oblige."

Racing Notes.

The Derby Cup on Friday is the big race this week. The Liverpool Cup running will have some bearing on the race, and seems to show that WILLIAM'S PRIDE should be worth support again. He will probably get a place, but two better handicapped horses appear to be HARE HILL and WOODWILD. Both of these will stay the mile and three-quarters well, and one of them should win. To reduce it to a single selection, perhaps

HARE HILL,

even with his penalty, will be the better.

To-day (Wednesday) the best things on the programme appear to be CATTISTOCK for the Chesterfield Nursery; OUTRAM for the Markeaton Plate, and CIRRHA for the Rangemore Maiden Stakes.

On Thursday we must follow FANOUS in the Osmaston Nursery. WRACK*, on the Liverpool Cup running, must represent the best thing of the week in the Allestree Plate. SUNNY LAND ought to win the Chatsworth Plate.

On Friday there is little besides the Cup, but GEORGETTE for the Chaddesden Plate and MAY BOY for the Friary Nursery should both be worth support.

The week finishes up at Hurst Park on Friday, and there likely winners are BETH in the Riverside Selling Plate, LUSCA in the T.Y.O. Selling Plate, ALBORAK in the Stewards' Nursery, and WILLAURA in the Durham Handicap.

One of the most practical of the many kind offers made by private firms in connection with the war is that of the proprietors of Hall's Wine, the well-known tonic restorative. They are sending a full-sized bottle of Hall's Wine, free of all cost, to every invalided soldier or sailor who applies for it. We understand that all that is necessary to secure the full-sized free bottle is for the invalid soldier or sailor to send a postcard to the proprietors, Stephen Smith and Co., Ltd., Bow, London, giving full name, address and rank.

'BULLETS' GREAT XMAS OFFER!

1500 TURKEYS

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH

250 TURKEYS
TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

"John Bull" is offering 1,500 Specially Selected Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes, 250 of which are to be won this week.

In consequence of the War, Turkeys will be very scarce this year, and more expensive. Many will probably find it impossible to procure one at all. "John Bull's" "Bullets" Turkeys will be of the very highest quality, and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas Dinner, and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week.

Such an unequalled opportunity of securing a Fine, Plump Turkey for your Xmas Dinner should on no account be missed.

In addition a First Prize of £250, Ten Special War Prizes of £10 each, numerous Cash Prizes, and 2,000 other handsome Prizes are to be won.

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES OF £2:10/- EACH

100 Prizes of 10/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

200 Prizes of 5/-

Bullets can be constructed from these Examples.

KING AND COUNTRY	JOINING THE COLOURS	HOW IT BEGAN	A TERRIBLE MUDDLE	CLOSING THE DOOR
WHEN SINGLE	WASTING AMMUNITION	MIXED FEELINGS	MILITARY EXPERTS	BREAKFAST [illegible]
A BIG GOOSE	WHAT I WANT	ON THE TRAMP	JOHN BULL'S BUSINESS	A FAT LOT
GERMANY'S FAILING	FAMILY BUTCHER	NEEDS REFRESHING	STORM BREWING	STAR GAZING
HOW TOMMY'S TREATED	THE FLYING CORPS	AMUSING THE BABY	THE EDITOR REGRETS	IN A FOG
RAISING A LOAN	HOT ENGAGEMENT	FALLING IN	JUST BEGINNING	[illegible] UNBEARABLY

Closing date, Thursday, November 26th

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(112) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated November 28th.

Closing date, Thursday, November 26th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(112) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 1 2," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

2,571 PRIZES Value £1,175 THIS WEEK!

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "AMUSING THE BABY," and take the letters "A" and "T," using the word "Difficult" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "A DIFFICULT TASK." From the example "MILITARY EXPERTS" the Bullet, "SELDOM INFALLIBLE" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "WHAT I WANT," using the letter "I" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "IS, REGULAR INCOME."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 12th, 1914.

RESULT OF 109TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. S. H. SMYTH,
8, Caryfort Road,
Stoke Newington,
London, N.

Example: MAKES MOTHER FAINT.
Bullet: HER "TREASURE" MISSING.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

NURSE MARY FROST, 282, Staniforth Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield:
RETURNING HOME EARLY—LESS "KNOCKING ABOUT."

Mr. W. SIMMONS, Junction Hotel, Purston, nr. Pontefract:
SHUTTING UP "PUBLICS" THROUGH PRIVATES.

Mr. T. E. MORRIS, Shelbourne Villa, 4A, McLeod Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.:
COMBINED ATTACK—OFTEN REWARDS INTERFERENCE.

Mr. ALFRED L. WYATT, 22, Dimchurch Road, Rugby:
A BIG RUSH—IDEAS—AFTER SPEECH.

Miss BESSIE SMITHERS, St. Nicholas Lodge, Pyrford, nr. Woking, Surrey:
GETTING CLOSER—ROUND ALFONSO'S TABLE.

Mr. E. ROWE, Alma Villa, Manor Road, Chelmsford:
RUNNING SHORT—HALF-CROWN SHIRTS.

Mr. W. HIRST, 2, Woodside Road, Halifax:
NO QUESTIONS ASKED—DAD SIMPLY "STAGGERED."

Mr. V. F. MILLETT, Lairgate, Beverley:
STANDING ARMY—DON'T OVERDO IT.

Mr. A. JONES, 9, West View, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough:
NO QUESTIONS ASKED—APPLICANT'S CHANCES SMALL.

Miss ETHEL BUCKINGHAM, 96, Elthorne Park Road, Hanwell, Middlesex:
RUNNING SHORT—SAVE BOOKMAKER "SLIP."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Miss K. ROBERTS, Antmoor Yard, Bethesda, Wales:
BABY'S COMFORTER—ANYTHING THAT'S FORBIDDEN.

Mr. ALFRED E. OKILL, 59, Dover Road, Wanstead Park, Essex:
MAKES MOTHER FAINT—FATHER GUARDING RESERVOIR.

Mr. FRED CHEETHAM, 106, Stockport Road, G. X., Hyde:
PUTTING IT DOWN—NEVER COMMERCIAL'S DIFFICULTY.

Mr. JAMES COLLISON, 41, Thorpedale Road, Hornsey Road, N.:
MOST TIRING WIFE—MOON DEFIES OFFICIALS.

Mr. G. WATSON, Highfields St., Budleaux, S. Devon:
PAYING THE PRICE—POLICEMAN—CHEN PALMIST.

Mr. ERNEST WAINWRIGHT, 74, Elder Road, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent:
CHILD'S PLAY—PACKING SHOWMAN'S HUNDREDWEIGHT.

Mrs. ELSIE CRAIG, 112, Clapham Common, London, S.E.:
THE KAISER TABLES—SHEFFIELD'S "TEMPER" NASTY.

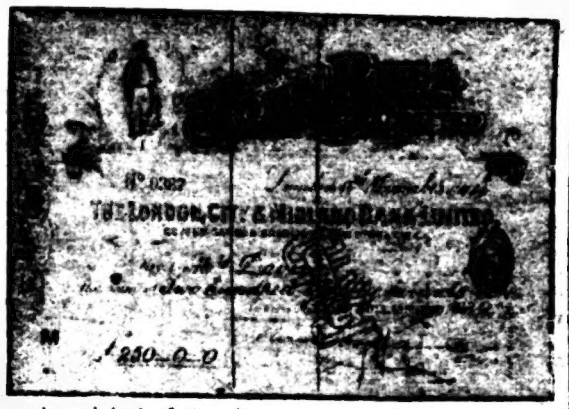
Mrs. C. DURRANT, 5, St. John Street, Rugby, Warwickshire:
PUTTING IT DOWN—THE "SCORE" GROWS.

Mr. CHARLES A. LAMMIN, 2, Arundel Place, Liverpool Road, Islington, N.:
GETTING CLOSER—EMBARRASSES STREET CONJUROR.

Mr. ROBERT L. JAMES, 27, Church Street, Pembroke Dock, South Wales:
IN THE DARK—ALWAYS "CONSTANT READER."

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ASHURST, G. H., 16, St. Leonard's Road, Ayr.
BAILEY, F. C., 36, Castle Street, The Avenue, Southampton.
BATLEY, A., Ivestoupans, Chandler's Ford, nr. Southampton.
BEAUFORT, A., Manager, Theatre Royal, Chorley, Lancs.
BELL, S. H., Dalesford, Bexley, Kent.
BENNEY, W. G., Penhryn, 80, Shadwell Road, North End, Portsmouth.
BIRTLES, S., 48, St. German St., Farnworth, nr Bolton.
BOOTH, F., 2, Albert Road, Ulcethorpes, Lincs.
BOOTH, J. H., R.I. Constabulary, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.
BRADLEY, H., 320, Oldham Road, Manchester.
BRADSHAW, G., 33, East Crawford Street, Grecnock.
BRITTAIN, CATHERINE, 47, Ventnor Gardens, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.
BROWN, A., 39, Eller Street, Salford, Manchester.
BRUMPTON, F., Kirklington Road, Southwell, Notts.
BUCK, H. W., 12, Pennington Terrace, Hyde Park, Leeds.
CATFORD, G. A., 16, Kensington Crescent, London, W.
CHADDOCK, A., Dene Rise, Doncaster Road, Rotherham.
CHAMBERLAIN, H. E., c.o. 2, Grove End Road, Grantham, Lincs.
CLARKSON, BESSIE, High Street, Bromsgrove.
COLLINS, C. H., 6, Sterndale Road, West Kensington, W.
COYNE, C., Room 5, 80, Pall Mall, S.W.
CRISP, G. E., 61, Chelsham Road, South Croydon.
CROFT, L. (Mrs.), 150, Bexley Road, North Heath, Belvedere, Kent.
EDGE, J., Hoscar Villa, Lathom, nr. Ormskirk, Lancs.
EDMONDS, J. E. (Mrs.), Spa Gardens, St. Saviour's, Bath.
EKE, C. (Mrs.), 248, Fratton Road, Portsmouth, Hants.
ELLIS, W. E., Staff Sergt. R.E. Office, The Castle, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.
EVANS, R. E., 16, Clifton Terrace, Brighton.
EWER, F. E., 15, Franciscan Road, Tooting, S.W.
FERGUSSON, J., Post Office, Bridge of Turk, by Callander, Perthshire.
FORRESTER, A., 68, Church Street, Silverdale, Staffs.
FOSTER, E. J. (Miss), 29, Norris Road, Reading, Berks.
FOSTER, T. E., c.o. Mr. J. Reed, Middle Street, Driffield.
GELL, J., Withnell Hall, Chorley, Lancashire.
GEORGE, MAY S., 5, Chatsworth Street, Sunderland.
GODWIN, P., 200, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.
HALLOWS, J., 34, Wilton Road, Ilford Lane, Ilford, Essex.
HANNAN, W. G., 22, Dunvegan Gardens, Eltham, S.E.
HARRIS, H. R., C. Sgt. Major, Army Gymnastic Staff, Royal Military College, Camberley.
HARRIS, T., 20, St. John's Church Road, Hackney.
HEAP, L., 53, Saxe Weimar Road, Southsea.
HENDERSON, JEAN, 15, Windsor Street, Glasgow, N.W.
HILL, H., 4, Marjebonne, Wigan.
HOLLAND, L. (Mrs.), 4, New River Crescent, Palmer's Green, N.
HOLMES, A., 9, Dalmally Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.
HOPE, M., 8, Parkside Road, Hounslow.
HOWARD, W. A., 163, Hatfield Road, St. Albans, Herts.
HOWLETT, F., Club Secretary, Reedham S.O., Norfolk.
HUGHES, J. C., 24, Picton Terrace, Carmarthen.
HULL, A. B. (Mrs.), 28, Wood Hill, Leicester.
HULME, J., 36, Chew Moor Lane, Lostock, Bolton, Lancs.
IXER, E. R., 10, Kimberley Road, Cambridge.
JACKSON, H. A., 33, Parade Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
JENNINGS, B. (Miss), 5, Sidney Grove, Tyne Street, Hessle Road, Hull.
JONES, L. (Mrs.), 17, Augusta Street, Cardiff.
JONES, A., 9, West View, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough.
KING, A. (Mrs.), "Lea Rig," Broom Road, Rotherham, Yorks.
KIRK, N., 21, South Street, Cowdenbeath, Fife.
KNOCKER (Miss), Rosebank, Freemen's Common, Leicester.
LEIVERS, J. T., Colonel Burnaby Hotel, Hartley Road, Nottingham.
LYNCH (Mrs.), 24, Houson Street, Rock Ferry.
LYTTON, M. (Mrs.), 9, Rochester Street, Gateshead, Co. Durham.
MANN, J., 54, Mass Lane, Platt Bridge, nr. Wigan.
MASTERMAN, F. E., 37, Pond Street, Hampstead, N.W.
MATTHEWS, G., The Bungalow, Sutton End, Pulborough.
McBURNIE, R., 170, Liverpool Road, Great Crosby.
MORRIS, I. (Miss), Arundel, Norfolk Square, Brighton.
PARK, J., Rochsolloch Iron Works, Coatbridge.
PERKS, EVELYN E., 40, Teme Street, Tenbury, Worcs.
PIKE, E., 39, Fielding Road, Bedford Park, W.
POOLE, J. (Gunner), No. 4027, Heavy Depot, Royal Artillery, Woolwich Common, S.E.
POWERS, J., 6, Westfield Terrace, Farnborough, Hants.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. Greenfield, newsagent, High Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

REW, J. H., 226, Bushbury Road, Wolverhampton.
RICHARDS, F., 26, Basing Road, Basingstoke, Hants.
ROBERTS, S. J., 73, Stanley Rd., Gloucester.
ROBINSON, P. H., 12, Woodland Villas, Leeson Park, Dublin.
ROBBINS, J., Army Service Corps, The Docks, Falmouth.
RUDGE, R. E. D., The Parade, Arno's Vale, Bristol.
RUSSELL, R., 75, Bexhill Road, Crofton Park, S.E.
SALT, T., 64, St. James' Road, Derby.
SCOTT, R. W. (Mrs.), Levedale, Dunston nr. Stafford.
SHANNON, T., 36, Lambeth Rd., Liverpool.
SHARP, W., Trafalgar Stores, Lr. Bebington, Cheshire.
SHEHAN, J. A. (Mrs.), Black Castle, Leixlip, Co. Kildare.
SMITH, A. (Mrs.), Milton Stores, Stoke-on-Trent.
SPOONER, W. C., 50, Brockley Road, London, S.E.
STOKES, G., 4, Hamilton Rd., Brentford.
TAYLOR, J., 45, Solon Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.
THORNE, K. (Mrs.), 162, Ashley Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.
THORPE, F. (Mrs.), 171, Osborne Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
TUCKER, B., 30, Wern Crescent, Nelson, via Cardiff.
WALKER, F., 2, Boley Hill, Rochester, Kent.
WARD, H., 36, Cumberland Street, Blackburn, Lancashire.
WARNER, E. (Miss), 4, Sheep Street, Wellingborough.
WELSBY, S. 17, Calderston Rd., Liverpool.
WESTHALL, W., Dog and Partridge Hotel, Tutbury, Staffs.
WILSON, G., 36, Grange Road, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.
WILSON, F. (Mrs.), 6, Lammas Walk, Saltisford, Warwick.
WILLIAMS, A. C., 21, Well Street, Buckingham.
WRIGHT, T. W. (Pte.), No. 4701, A Co., Hants Regt., A. Bk., Parkhurst, I.O.W.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

CABLE, G., 37, Khartoum Road, Ilford, Essex.
CAMP, H., Police Station, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.
CARTER, L. (Mrs.), 14, Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, N.
CHALLENDER, T., 124, Restalrig Road, Piershall, Edinburgh.
CHAMBERS, W., Seatown Gardens, Dundalk, Ireland.
CHAMBERLIN, J. W. P., 23, Nassington Road, Hampstead, N.W.
CHARLESWORTH (Chf. Inst.), Drill Instructor, Barracks, Halifax.
CHARLTON, ELSIE, 10, Seymour St., Consett.
CLARK, G., 28, Garibaldi Street, Grimsby.
CLARKE, G. (Mrs.), 175, Gt. Junction St., Leith.
CLARKE, A., Marsh House, Lowton, Lancs.
CLARKE, H. G., 63, Great Hampton Street, Birmingham.
COCKRILL, F. (Miss), Feltrim, Needham Market, Suffolk.
COLLINS, W. (Sergt.), C. Co., 2nd B'ham Batt., Rvl. Warwick Regt., Wylde Green, Birmingham.
COLLIER, F., 23, Cambridge Street, Stalybridge.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 prize winners of Turkeys on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a halfpenny stamp to these offices.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 2, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, November 26th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"and the sweetest girl I know" said :—

"Of course, we must go to the 'Midland' for that furniture. There's not a place in London that can *touch* the 'Midland' for value. You get over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to choose from, so we are certain of finding just what we want. And **Money buys more at the 'Midland.'"**

All the prices are marked in plain figures. You've only to compare them with what you'd be charged elsewhere for furniture not half as good. That will convince you of the money-saving advantages of the "Midland" prices. And the Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your convenience without touching your capital.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

Send a postcard with your address, and you get the finest guide to furnishing ever published, free by return. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. All prices are given. *Write for it to-day.*

Free Life and Fire Insurance.

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, no deposit—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article. Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.

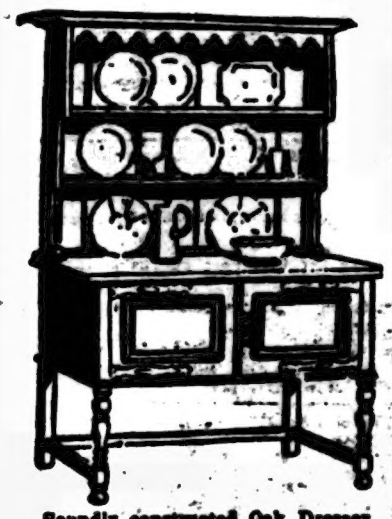
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £2 18s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Worth.			Per Month.		
£10	...	...	£0	6	0
£20	...	...	0	11	0
£30	...	...	0	17	0
£40	...	...	1	5	0
£50	...	...	1	8	0
£100	...	...	2	5	0
£200	...	...	4	10	0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired. £3 3s. 0d.

10% Discount for Cash.

Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

Well-made Bedroom Suite in oak, handsomely designed. Comprising a commodious Wardrobe with full-length bevelled mirror in door, Dressing Chest with bevelled swing mirror, Washstand with marble top and tiled back, complete with two rush-seated Chairs. £6 16s. 6d.

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Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

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